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GIRL FOR THE DURATION

By ANNE VERNON

THEY made a bargain. Almost as soon as they met John said: "You know—we won't have any nonsense. The war has swept too many people off their feet. We won't join them."

"There's no reason why we should," Barbara said, a little coldly.

"It happens, though," John told her. "Uniforms change people. They forget there's going to be an 'after the war' one day."

"What are you going to do after the war?"

"Go back to my proper job," he said. "Schoolmastering."

She laughed at that. You couldn't help it. It was so comic to think of John surrounded by desks, writing things up on a blackboard. Because he was one of their ace pilots now.

"I suppose you like schoolmastering?" she said.

"Of course I do. As much as you like your job. That's why we're going to be very careful, my dear. No nonsense. This is only an interlude and we're not going to forget it."

Barbara said, "You're very outspoken. Almost rude."

"You won't misunderstand me, though."

"How do you know?"

"There's something about you—a sort of hard-earned wisdom. I should think at some time or other you'd gone through deep waters and they'd washed all the girlish silliness out of you."

"I expect they did," she agreed.

He stared at her deep grey eyes, cool and clear under dark brows. Her hair was very neat under the W.A.A.F. cap and her slender figure looked good in uniform.

"And you have a peculiarly sensitive face," he said. "There's kindness in it, and courage, and laughter. I'd hate to make life more difficult for you, my dear."

"Don't worry," Barbara said, "you won't."

She was very sure of herself, as far as her emotions went. She'd

been so badly bitten once before. When she was twenty and everything hurt so much more than it ever could in later years.

She'd been engaged to Nevil, then. Her work in the advertising agency had been only a pastime—something to occupy her until she was married. Nevil had been her whole world. And then he'd thrown her over. He'd gone and married a silly pretty girl with no brains.

"And what did you do then?" John inquired when she told him this.

"I cried," Barbara said. "I cried a lot. And then I began to work myself ragged at my job. I got good at it finally. And very keen on it. So that by the time the war started I was a partner in the firm."

"And did your work fill your life?" John asked.

"I made it. It was a struggle at first—but it became easier with practice. Before I joined up, John, I was the complete business woman. I had a nice luxurious little flat and a nice lot of friends. I was quite happy—and I paddled my own canoe."

"You are very independent, even now," he agreed. "That's why I knew I could trust you."

Barbara smiled. "Trust me? Trust me not to fall in love with you and muck up your nice calm schoolmaster's life?"

"Exactly."

"Then why should you bother about me at all?" she inquired.

There was suddenly a shadow on his face. She recognised it. She'd seen it before, many times, in the eyes of these young men who face death so constantly.

"I need you," John said simply. "There are times when one is afraid—and more times when one is simply lonely. I need someone to hold my hand. That's all."

"I understand that, I think."

"But—it must be someone I can trust. The war gives one too many chances to make a fool of oneself."

"I won't let you," Barbara said.

"I'm sure you won't. After all—you're keen on your own work. You want to go back to it as I want to

go back to mine. But for the duration—"

"For the duration," she said, "we'll stick together."

The fighter aerodrome where John was stationed was fairly isolated. It was three miles from a village and six from a town. The men were thrown back upon their own resources for amusement. So were the W.A.A.F.

Barbara was an officer very soon. Inevitably, John said. Anyone with any sense would see that she looked responsible and was used to authority.

"I don't mind responsibility," Barbara said. "But it's very wearing trying to think up amusements for these poor lasses in their leisure hours. Still—I manage."

She arranged cinema shows and Keep Fit classes, and occasionally dances in the mess. She was very busy. But never too busy for John.

"I don't know what I'd have done without you," he told her once.

"You'd have found someone else to hold your hand."

"There aren't many people who'd be content just to hold hands and not want a ring on one of the fingers," he replied laughingly.

W

EEKS slipped by, filled with work and broken by occasional small gaieties. Barbara was contented and unafraid. She was grateful for John's companionship—for the walks they sometimes managed to go together, for the jokes they shared, for the sense of being able to help, even a little, a man who was doing a difficult job.

She didn't find it hard to keep to their bargain. She remembered quite easily that all this was—only for the duration.

Until the evening when John's plane was posted missing. It was one of the daylight sweeps over France. Six fighter planes went from their station, and only five came back. It had happened before, of course. It was one of the things that did happen. But somehow she had never thought it would happen to John.

She went and sat in her little office and stared at a calendar on the wall, and knew all at once that she'd broken her part of the bargain. She was in love with John. Crazy, hopelessly in love with him. Not that it mattered now, because he was probably dead.

It was midnight when they heard that he was safe. He'd bailed out over the Channel and been picked up. Barbara just managed to get to her own quarters before she burst into tears.

It was going to be hard to face him, she thought. For a few hours she dreaded his return. Surely he



"Quick, John, I've set the kitchen on fire!" Barbara cried helplessly.

would read in her face that everything was different now?

But when at last they did meet it wasn't really difficult at all.

John said, "That was a narrow thing, wasn't it? Were you worried?"

"Of course I was."

"So was I, to tell you the truth. Still—it happens to all of us sooner or later."

He was very off-hand about the whole thing, and didn't apparently want to talk about it. So Barbara became off-hand too. It was easier that way, anyhow.

She had to be very careful now—

days. Careful to guard her face, and her tongue, so that John shouldn't guess anything was changed.

One day he remarked, "I wonder if you'd ever get yourself into such a muddle that you'd have to ask for outside help?"

"I can't imagine it," Barbara said flippantly.

It so happened, this time, that their seven-days' leave coincided. "Let's spend it together," John said. "If you go home to your family in Cornwall you'll waste half of it travelling. I'm going to stay on my uncle's farm. Why not come too? They're digging up beet or something. You could lend a hand. Do you good to get some fresh air."

Barbara hesitated. But it was a very reasonable suggestion. So she said meekly, "I'd like to come, thank you very much. I dare say I do need some fresh air and exercise."

The farm was a busy place. Mrs. Willoughby, John's aunt by marriage, had three children of her own and two evacuees. In addition she helped with the poultry. And now there were two extra to cook for—John and Barbara.

Barbara was conscience-stricken about this.

"We oughtn't to have come," she said guiltily to Mrs. Willoughby.

"Rubbish," said Mrs. Willoughby. "You don't make any work. And you're more than pulling your weight up there in that beet field."

"I'm enjoying it," Barbara said.

Long September days, golden and clear. The line of people working their way up the field, hauling and tagging at the sugar beet. It was a very wartime team. John and Barbara, three of the older children, and two old men who thought they'd retired from farming. They all worked hard. John led the farm horse and cart up and down, collecting the finished beet into a

great mound at the side of the field. And every time he came down towards her, Barbara lifted her head to watch him.

She couldn't help it. John in uniform was bad enough. John out of uniform was unbearably dear. He had come too near ordinary familiar life now—and she was only his girl for the duration.

On the evening when they finished the beet John and Barbara were the last in the field. Slowly, in the cooling dusk, they walked beside the plodding horse back to the farm.

Please turn to page 20

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FIRST CALL

Only the moment counted, they said.

IT happened within thirty seconds; in the time that it takes to walk from a head-waiter's desk to a table in a window.

He had arrived late for lunch. The head-waiter pointed out the table.

"Over there, Captain, in the window, where the Brigadier is."

Beside the Brigadier a girl was sitting. He could see no more than a brief outline of nose, chin, mouth; but in the set of her head, in the poise with which her shoulders turned, there was an air of youth, of elegance, that made the world seem suddenly a richer place, a place well worth living in. She turned, lifted her head, looked across the restaurant. Her eyes met his.

By the time he had reached the table it had happened.

There were eight guests in all, and she was sitting across the table from him. It was one of those miscellaneous, ill-assorted parties that Londoners were giving at hazard, when people felt the need to see people no matter whom, when the one thing one could not face was to be alone.

She was still turned towards the Brigadier. She was listening rather than talking. Was she really as absorbed as she seemed to be? Was she really unconscious of his presence across the table? Had that meeting of their eyes meant nothing? Had it not been mutual? He did not know—but he had to know.

He did not hesitate. He had gathered from a remark of the Brigadier's that she was working at the Ministry of Information. They would be leaving after lunch—that is to say, in opposite directions. "If I'm going to make any contact," he thought, "I must make it now."

He leaned across the table. It was the barest opening, the merest pause in the Brigadier's flow of military reminiscence; it was barely an opening at all, but he leaped at it.

"I do think that's so true, sir," he interrupted. "One can find oneself in the middle of a battle with absolutely nothing to do, with nothing to worry one; a calm in the centre of a typhoon. There was one day just like that. It was in the second week. My section was north of Arras—"

It was a story that he had told a dozen times. He knew it by heart. He could follow his own thoughts as he was telling it. He was addressing the Brigadier, but it was to her that he was speaking. "I may be in the War Office now, but I've done real soldiering." It was that he was saying.

The story was greeted with polite interest, but, as far as he was concerned, the point had been reached and passed long before it was completed. He had the answer to the question that had inspired his telling of it.

It had been mutual. It had not been on his side only. It had happened to her as well.

Two hours later he sat at his desk in the War Office, her name and her telephone number scrawled on the pad beside him. The room was empty. His G.2 was in conference with the Colonel. The opportunity which for an hour now he had been awaiting had come at last. He called the telephone number. Then a moment later: "Can I speak to Miss Stella Bardith?"

She laughed when she heard his voice; a laugh that contrasted excitingly with the secretarily formal tone with which she had answered the bell's ring, a laugh that acquitted him of the need for the careful preliminaries he had planned. He could go straight to the point with that laugh singing in his ears.

"I was wondering," he said,

"whether we couldn't lunch one day."

"I think that would be fun."

"What about to-morrow?"

"To-morrow would be fine."

"Shall we say Claridge's, then, at one-fifteen?"

"I think that would be a very nice thing to say."

"I think that it's very nice of you to let me say it."

"I should have been furious with you if you hadn't."

They arrived simultaneously at Claridge's. They slipped at once into an easy comradeship, something that was intimate yet more than that, since they saw it, since they felt it, not as a thing in itself but as a prelude.

"I've the feeling," he said, "that I've known you all my life."

She smiled.

"I've read in books that that's how it sometimes is."

In her smile there was a regality, mixed with a frank acceptance of the situation, of all the possibilities, all the implications of the situation that fired him.

"Tell me about yourself," he said.

"I don't know anything."

Not that he needed to know. He knew her. He did not need to know things about her. The things that she was telling him, the things that he was hearing, were not important in themselves; they were symbols of that—and no more than that—sudden mysterious affinity of each for the other.

What did these facts matter in comparison with the one main fact that they were talking easily and intimately together, that she was talking easily and intimately about herself?

"And you? What about you?" she asked. "How old are you? Twenty-eight?"

"I'm thirty-one."

"As much as that? It's your uniform, I suppose. Uniforms make everyone look younger. What were you before the war? You weren't a soldier, were you?"

"I was a barrister."

"A successful one?"

"Starting to be."

"And are you permanently at the War Office now?"

"I've no idea. One doesn't know what plans they have. One has to do what one's told. I'm rather hoping, though, to get posted to a formation."

"And how do you feel about your career?"

"What do you mean, how do I feel about it?"

"Do you feel that the war's come at the wrong time for you, just when you were getting started?"

He shrugged.

"Sometimes I think so. But one doesn't know. No one knows what the world will be like when all this is over. We shall all find ourselves in pretty much the same kind of

mess. I've made

a start. I've got

connections. I'll

start again with

less of a handicap

than most, and anyhow I don't

think that there's any point in

thinking about things like that

right now." He paused. He looked

her very straightly in the eyes. "I

think one should live in the moment

now," he said.

The last sentence was said not

only after a pause, but slowly, as

though it were something said

personally to her. She met his look,

then nodded. "I think that, too,"

she said. "I think one should live

in the moment now."

There was a pause. Their eyes

still held each other's. It was a

solemn pause, as though they were

agreeing on a pact. Then lightly

she changed the subject.

"Where are you living now," she

asked, "in London?"

"At my club."

"Is your home in the country,

then?"

"West Waltham, near to Malden-

head."

By ALEC WAUGH

"And what's your family—are both your parents living?"

He hesitated. It was the question he had dreaded: the issue that he had known had sooner or later to be faced. Probably it was as well that it had come up now. It was a fence that they had got to clear. Best go straight at it.

"My father died when I was quite a kid," he said. "My mother's remarried to a Canadian. She's lived in Montreal the last ten years. It's my own family at Waltham."

"Your own family?"

"A wife and two small children."

"I see."

There was a pause; a pause during which a slow flush colored the pale magnolia of her cheeks. Her eyes rested thoughtfully on his, then dropped. She looked down at her plate, twisted the spaghetti round her fork expertly. She twirled and went on twisting, then abruptly laid down the fork and raised her eyes.



"It's just one of those things," murmured Gerald, laying his hand upon Mary's shoulder.

"It's no good," she said. "I'm sorry, but it isn't."

Her voice was firm. Her eyes were steady. There was a certainty, a conviction, behind her words that robbed him of the power to reply. When he half started to speak, she cut him short.

"No—no," she said. "No, I know what you are going to say; that one can't decide a thing like that right off. But one can. That's just the point. One must, or it'll be too late."

No, no, don't interrupt. I know what you are going to say, something about our being friends; but that, too, is just the point. It isn't the question of our being friends. If it was just a question of our being that, we shouldn't be here now. You wouldn't have asked me out to lunch

on the afternoon of our first meeting after a lunch when we'd exchanged scarcely a word with one another. I felt something;

you felt something; and what we felt wasn't friendship, wasn't even the prelude to any friendship. That's why it must stop now, before it is too late. There's always a point where one can cut clear. That point once passed, one's finished."

"But surely—I don't really see—"

Again she cut him short.

"Don't you? Perhaps you don't; but you ask any girl who hasn't married during her first two seasons, and she'll tell you the same thing, that the one fatal thing for a girl to do is to get herself mixed up with a married man. It's so easy for her to do. In a way they're more attractive than bachelors. They're more assurance. They're used to women. They're more expansive. They haven't got to be on their guard against responsibilities in the way a bachelor has to be."

"There's nothing easier for a girl to do—and nothing more fatal. It gets her nowhere. It wastes years

of her life. It leaves a mark. It's always the same kind of mess."

She spoke with the firmness of a judge delivering sentence. She was as direct, as straightforward now in her refusal of the implications of the situation as she had been earlier in her acceptance of the fact of it. She was a real person, right enough: someone who stood up to life and fought it. His spirits sank at the firmness in her voice.

But at the same time his heart glowed with admiration. She was a fine person. She really was, and there was this affinity between them. What a marvellous time they could have had together! The sense of loss was overpowering.

Something of what he was feeling became apparent in his face. The look in her eyes changed. Her voice softened.

"After all," she said, "it is quite a happy marriage, isn't it?"

The question was almost an appeal—as though she were trying to offer herself an excuse to go back upon her words.

If only he could offer her that excuse! If only he could say: "No, it's a wretched business." He couldn't, though. He had to be straight with her. She had been so very straight with him. He couldn't tell her anything but the truth.

"It's a marriage that works," he said.

"You've not thought of breaking it?"

He shook his head.

"And how long is it you've been married?"

"Six years."

"How old are your children?"

"Five and two."

"Just the ages they start to be amusing, just the age when the elder one will start to need you. No, no, my dear; it just won't do."

Please turn to page 4



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A.F.W. 4-26

HER voice was tender and her smile was friendly, but with a good-bye kindness, a final friendliness.

That night he went down to Waltham for the "one day off a week" to which, as a staff officer at the War Office, he was entitled.

His wife, Mary, was waiting for him at the station. She looked very young and pretty, and chatted brightly as they drove home.

"Shall we go straight in to supper?" she asked him, in the hall. "I'll be ready in ten minutes."

He was ready enough already. It was too late for him to bother to change out of uniform, but he had a sudden feeling that before he sat down to supper he would like, with the memory of that lunch-table clear before his eyes, to remind himself just how unchanged was this familiar world of his.

At the head of the stairs he turned. The door of the children's room was open. The blinds were drawn, but a night-light was burning on the mantelpiece. He could distinguish the two dark heads upon their pillows, the baby rolled up in a cocoon of blankets, the boy with his sheet flung back, one arm around the neck of a teddy bear.

A bathroom with connecting doors joined his room with Mary's. Mary was at her dressing-table, and he stood for a moment looking at her. During the six years of their marriage, they had scarcely had a quarrel. To all their friends they were "the perfect couple"; to all their friends theirs was the perfect marriage.

How, then, had it come about that at the end of six such years he should be thinking of his home and marriage, his wife and children, as something that did not belong to his real life?

He laid his hand upon Mary's shoulder. "It's just one of those things," he murmured half aloud.

For a moment she remained motionless under that hand's pressure. When she looked up there was a pensive expression on her face, a pensive, puzzled look.

Continuing . . . First Call

from page 3

"Have you been wondering about the children, too?" she said. "I wonder if they shouldn't be in Canada?"

There are days in the War Office when telephones never cease to ring when caller after caller pesters you when file after urgent file is shot into your tray.

It was on such a morning in the week following his "day off" that Mary rang him up. The line was bad. Mary, the calmest of people at ordinary times, invariably became fussed and flustered by the telephone. He could get no more than the general drift of what she was telling him. She was worrying, she said, about the children. Was it right to keep them in England? Their grandmother was in Canada, after all. A friend of theirs had decided to take her children over. They could all cross together.

"The only thing is that I've got to decide at once," she said. "This very morning. There's such a rush for places. Daphne's already booked. What do you think, Gerald? I can't help feeling—"

Her voice ran on. A staff-leutenant bustled into the room, took a sheet of paper, and wrote across it: "The Colonel wants to see you at once. He's on the telephone. He wants to see you before ringing off." It was impossible in this atmosphere to concentrate upon Mary's problem.

He interrupted her. "Listen," he said. "Five hundred things are happening at the same time here. I've got to see the Colonel this very minute."

"But, darling, I've got to decide this within the next two hours!"

"I know you have. Let's see—" He paused, trying to think, trying to concentrate, unable to do either, leaping at the easiest situation. "Let's leave it this way. I think you're right. But I can't be absolutely certain. Let's say that unless you hear from me to the contrary within the next two hours, I'm in agreement."

The Colonel was waiting to despatch him to the country on urgent, confidential work. Gerald returned to his room, groping desperately through the confusion of his mind, still at a loss what to say about Mary and the children. But in wartime the fate of lives had to be decided at a moment's notice.

"Yes," he thought, as he began sorting papers rapidly. "Yes, they'd better go."

IT was five days before Gerald returned to London late at night to find a number of telephone messages from Mary awaiting him. Their sailing date had been suddenly moved forward. They were leaving from Euston the next day at one o'clock. They were motoring up first thing next morning.

Incredulously he stared at the slip of paper. For the last five days he had been at work from reveille until after sundown. At the back of his mind he had been aware that within a month his family would be on the way to Canada. At the back of his mind, too, was the memory of his lunch with Stella, but those were both things that were a long way off; something to be gone into when he had finished his immediate job. He was unprepared for the suddenness of the move. Incredulously he stared at the slip of paper. By this time to-morrow he would be alone—alone in London.

Alone! As he stood there staring at that slip of paper, a sudden picture flashed to him.

It would all be quite different now. Last week he had been a man with obligations to another woman, a woman who had the first call upon his time, a man to whom every other woman must come second. It would be different, altogether different now, when every spare minute that he had was for Stella.

Exhausted, dazed, he lifted the back of his hand against his forehead. Too many things were passing on his brain at once; the war, his work, Mary, his children, Stella. Thank heaven that by this time to-morrow the pressure would have been lifted, the issue cleared.

Mary was waiting for him beside the children at the railway carriage. His heart twisted at the sight of her. On all sides of him there was rush and bustle.

It was typical of Mary that she and those for whom she was respon-

sible should form an oasis of calm in the desert of this confusion. Daphne was there, and Daphne's daughter, and the two nurses who were making the trip as far as the embarkation port. The luggage was neatly stacked upon the racks. A luncheon basket had been ordered. Mary herself was chatting casually to Daphne. She smiled as he came up.

Of course, she said, she understood why she hadn't heard during the week from him. She was only thankful that he had managed to get there in time. The children would have been so disappointed if he hadn't.

Disappointed? Would they? He supposed they would.

He looked self-questioningly at the girl. When they next met, she would have no idea of who he was. Himself he would hardly recognise her. In three years' time what would be left of the boy who was now so concerned over the contents of the luncheon-basket?

He crossed to Mary. He put his hand upon her arm, above the elbow, squeezing it. "Don't worry," he said. "It'll be all right."

She turned. She looked him in the eyes, then very slowly smiled. They were closer, he felt, in that moment than they had been for months. But already the guard was outside her carriage. "All passengers in the train, please." With a little laugh, she turned away, clapping her hands. "Come on, now, children—in you get!"

She made a mock of shooting them in as though they were a flock of geese, chattering as she did so, issuing final exhortations. "Stand back now, while I shut the door. That's it. Now you can lean out. Say good-bye to Daddy. Do everything your Aunt Daphne tells you—"

She was talking quickly, breathlessly, in the way she talked upon the telephone, the way that ordinarily she never talked.

"And don't forget," she was hurrying on—hurrying on so fast that at first she did not realise what was happening; that he did not grasp the import of her standing beside him talking through the open window. Even when he had half grasped it, he could not believe that he had correctly grasped it.

"If you're not careful, you'll get left behind," he said.

"Left behind? What do you mean?"

"Surely you're going, too."

"Me going? Whatever made you imagine that? Of course I'm not."

There's much too much here for me to do—Daphne, dear. I can never tell you how grateful I am to you for all of this. You'll cable word to me the very moment you arrive."

She was still chattering when the train drew slowly from the station; she was still chattering as she turned away, as she slipped her arm through his.

"Fancy you imagining that I was going!" she was saying. "The children will be perfectly all right with their grandmother. We'll let the house, of course. We shan't have any difficulty in that. Then I'll enlist in the A.T.S.—or I might get some post in a Government office. That mightn't be a bad idea, if you stay on at the War Office. But even if you don't, I might be able to get work near you. Anyhow, there'll be the week-ends."

Breathlessly her voice ran on in the way that it never did except when she was flustered by the telephone. He took a quick sideways glance at her. It had happened so quickly, so unexpectedly, that he could not yet realise that it had happened. He wondered what she was thinking.

Not that it really mattered. The facts were in themselves enough; that in the last analysis he had proved more important to her than her home and children, that he was now all that she had, that there were only themselves now, that they were back where they had been six years ago, before nurseries and servants and the responsibilities of a house and family had come between them. He had got back the companion he had lost. He had asked for a clear-cut issue, and he had it.

He recalled the picture that had risen before his eyes last night at his club when he had read Mary's message. He thought of Stella. She would never know how nearly she had been subjected to a most resolute attempt to wheedle her into the kind of mess she had sworn so resolutely to avoid.

It was not only his children who were on their way to safety. They, too, had a lucky escape. Mary and he—and Stella. A lucky escape, the three of them.

Not, though, that it was in terms of escape that he saw the moment.

There was gratitude and pride and hope, resolve and faith and expectation in his heart as he walked up the platform with Mary's arm in his. They were starting a new life, a new work together. He had the sense that he was moving, that they were both moving, with cleared decks, to meet destiny—as indeed at that moment a whole Empire was.

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MYSTERY STALKS THE ROOF

WAKENED by a sliding sound, her first night at DR. BURCH'S convalescent home, ANNE McNEILL finds ALEX WALSHIED dead in a tulip bed, with attractive JILL MURRAY kneeling beside him.

Jill is distraught and mysterious over the whole affair. She pretends to SERGEANT O'CONNOR that she knew nothing of what happened, but secretly she begs Anne to send for her husband, DR. JEFFREY McNEILL, a well-known amateur detective.

Finally, with RUFUS KEYES, who is in love with her, Jill admits to Anne, Jeffrey, and Anne's brother, BUD HOLT, that Walshied had been planning to undermine Dr. Burch, and had caused trouble in the home by making love to MRS. MURRAY, Jill's mother, and MRS. VINSON, a jealous neurotic. Anne feels that Jill has still not told the full story, and some days later the girl confesses to her that she and Walshied were married.

She says that Mrs. Vinson has just learnt this, and is threatening to create a scandal.

Anne continues her narrative—

FOR a few moments we said nothing. Near the garage a maid was hanging table napkins on some lines. She had on a blue uniform and her skirt and the napkins danced pleasantly in the breeze. At the garage, which had been a large old red-brick stable, Bobbie, the little English boy, was hanging on one of the large doors, swinging it open and shut, open and shut. It clanged as it closed.

Beside some bushes near the house old Mr. Fargo was sitting in a canvas chair, and the nice nurse, Polly Smith, was offering him a glass of fruit juice. She seemed always to be ministering to him.

I heard someone coming behind us and turned to see Rufus Keyes walking over from the stone wall at the end of the garden. He had a drawing-board under his arm and a box of crayons in his pocket. He joined us and dropped a columbine blossom on Jill's head.

"Sit down," I told him. "I'm just going in."

He didn't say, "Don't let me drive you away." One knew that he would never offer stock lines to cuses. Also one knew that he would like to be alone here with Jill.

"How is your artistic life progressing?" she asked.

"Moderately well," He offered the drawing-board for our inspection, and I was surprised to see a quite lovely sketch in crayons of columbines. He had caught their delicacy admirably.

"Do you ever do people?" I asked. I used to do scrubwomen and stevedores and that sort, exclusively. Sit up by the apple tree, Jill, and I'll do a portrait of you."

He sat on the grass cross-legged, pried up the green-headed drawing-pins in the corners of the columbine sketch, removed the paper, and laid it aside. Beneath it was a clean sheet, and he took a dark crayon and began to sketch, glancing up at Jill quickly and then down at his work.

"You don't use sketch pads?" I asked.

"I've run out of them, and could only get this sort of paper at the local store."

Jill was sitting with her back against the apple tree.

I watched a minute or two and then, with difficulty, extricated myself from the chair. I said, "I'll see you at lunch," and went away across the grass.

As I went into the side door a maid came out of the dining-room striking a bronze hand gong. It was later than I had thought. She passed me and went on out-of-doors,

still striking the gong as if it were part of a ritual.

I thought, "I wonder when Bud woke up and how late he had his breakfast." I considered going upstairs to tell him that lunch was ready, but surely he would have heard the gong.

Doctor Burch came bustling out of his study and linked his arm in mine. "Well, my dear Anne," he said, "it's sunshine to see you about again. Come in, my dear, come in."

So we went in to lunch.

It was very hot in the dining-room, and redolent of sweet potatoes and chops. I wondered if Jill and Rufus Keyes had heard the lunch gong out under the apple tree, also if Bud were still sleeping, as he had not appeared.

The four women and the nurse at the corner table were incongruously discussing Polar explorations. Mr. Fargo began to talk angrily about the Government's advertising policy, which, he said, had been a blot on this nation for generations past. He had a rasping, disagreeable voice and unpleasant table manners.

One of the green-uniformed maids said something in a low tone to Doctor Burch, and he looked over at Mrs. Murray's table. "Have you any idea where Jill is, Mrs. Murray?" he asked. "And Rufus is late, too. That boy never has had any sense of time since he was a child—oh, here they come. My dear Rufus, you are very late, you know."

"Sorry," Rufus said. He did not, however, look sorry. He and Jill had not yet quite adjusted their expression to the commonplace.

The child, Bobbie, jumped up and held Jill's chair for her. He has charming manners, Rufus sat down opposite his uncle, and Mr. Fargo made some rude remark about people who were always late.

"Where is your brother, Anne?" Doctor Burch was asking me.

I was already feeling worried about him. I said: "I don't know, Doctor Burch. He slept late, and I haven't seen him at all this morning. I'd better go up and see—"

By my extreme relief I gauged the extent of my concern. He came in from the hall, most unsuitably garbed in old blue dungarees and a white sleeveless sort of tennis shirt. But he looked charming. The atmosphere of the room became degreased more cheerful.

He sat down, and said to Doctor Burch: "How about that swimming-pool everybody's always talking about, Doctor Burch? I think I'll go down and have a swim in the brook this afternoon."

"Oh, my dear lad," Doctor Burch said. "The pool is as yet only a dream pool."

"What do you mean, sir? Isn't there any water down there?"

"Yes, there's plenty of water, but it may, of course, be unsuitable for purposes of swimming. I must make that test within a few days now. It has been impossible to do it during all this rain."

Bud said, "What is the test, sir?"

"I put a certain chemical down the plumbing of any near-by houses, and then, after a time has elapsed, if the houses do drain into the brook, I shall see traces of this chemical as green fluorescence in the water."

Mrs. Murray said: "That will be such an interesting experiment, Doctor Burch. How did you ever learn of such a method?"

The maid was again speaking in a low tone to Doctor Burch. He looked across the room to an empty table and said, "Excuse me, Mrs. Murray," not answering her question. "Has anybody seen Mrs. Vinson? I wonder if she didn't hear the gong?"

"Perhaps she didn't," I said. "She was sun-bathing on the roof."

The maid looked annoyed, and said: "I struck the gong outside the



SANTRY

door, sir, like I always do. She always hears it if she's on the roof."

"Perhaps she's fallen asleep," Doctor Burch suggested. "She sometimes does up there. Polly, will you run up and tell her that lunch is ready?"

The nurse left the room, her uniform rustling pleasantly.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Murray," Doctor Burch said. "What was it you were asking me about the swimming-pool?"

Mrs. Murray answered: "I was asking you about that remarkable method of detecting water contamination. How did you ever know such a thing?"

"Oh, we have a great many interesting little secrets at the Medi-

"Do go downstairs, friends. Polly and I will cope with this," Dr. Burch said agitatedly.

He was very obtuse. He said benignly: "Well, my dear, I should put a basin under it, then, and telephone the good plumber."

I wanted to say to him, "Go on, go on, man; she needs you."

"I truly think you had better take a look at it," Polly insisted.

"Where's Mrs. Vinson?" Mr. Fargo demanded. "Upsets everything to have everybody late to meals like this. No peace at all in the dining-room. I'm going to have my meals alone after this."

"But where is Mrs. Vinson?" Doctor Burch asked.

"She doesn't care for her lunch at the moment," the girl said. "I'll—I'll take it to her later."

She flushed, and one knew that she was lying.

It was then that Doctor Burch realised something was wrong. He pushed himself up from his chair and made for the door in agitation.

"Quite, quite," he said. "I must take a look at those pipes. Nasty things, leaks—very nasty things. I declare—come, Polly. I'll be back presently, friends. Go on with your dessert."

It would have been better if, after lunch, we had gone to our several rooms to rest. That we were all together in the living-room heightened the catastrophic effect. We somehow all drifted in there, but we

were scarcely seated when Dr. Burch called in agitation from upstairs:

"Rufus, Rufus! Will you come up here a minute?"

We all sat up listening tensely. Mr. Fargo said: "Something's wrong. You can tell it from Burch's voice."

Rufus Keyes got up from his chair, hurried into the hall, and ran up the stairs.

We should, of course, have stayed where we were. But in a moment we were all rushing up pell-mell after Rufus, and two of the maids had added themselves to the throng.

On the third floor Polly Smith was running towards the attic door carrying bottles and wet towels. Doctor Burch, harassed and bewildered-looking, came out of the attic and said to her, "I'm afraid it's too late!" She disappeared past him.

Bud, who had reached the top of the stairs first, said: "What is it, Doctor Burch. Can I do anything?"

"Nothing, nothing at all," the doctor answered with the impatience of strain. "Mrs. Vinson, unfortunately, has had a touch of the sun—a bad headache."

"I told her this morning," Mr. Fargo said, "that she shouldn't lie out there so long. I looked out on to the roof, and there she was simply roasting herself on her steamer rug. I told her—but she didn't pay any attention to me."

Please turn to page 14

By THEODORA DU BOIS

cal School," Doctor Burch answered, with a coyness that I deplored. "Speaking of the Medical School, did I ever tell you about the time we were doing an experiment and a monkey escaped in the laboratory?"

We said in chorus that he never had told us. Pleased at having so eager an audience, he recounted the tale at length, dwelling on detail.

I heard the swift rustle of a uniform and the sound of rubber-soled shoes running downstairs quickly. Polly stood in the doorway and said:

"Doctor Burch, I wonder if you could come upstairs a minute? There seems to be a leak in the third-floor bathroom."



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She's doing her bit for victory, but she doesn't forget that beauty plays its part in maintaining morale. And her password to beauty is Pond's. Pond's Powder to flatter natural skin-tones and cling like the bloom on a rose-petal—Pond's "Lips" for a glowing accent of colour that lasts and lasts.

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AMERICAN EAGLE

By ...
Francis Richardson

**Shy, cherished
dreams, the young
pilot found, some-
times come true.**

FROM a camouflaged Service car an American watched the English lanes sliding by in soft greens and autumn golds. In spite of the Canadian badge on his R.A.F. uniform, a Southern drawl betrayed his race and the carved lines of cheek and jaw his pioneer stock. His black hair and beaked nose might have hinted at Indian blood but for the blue of his eyes.

He hunched into the car, letting the cheerful banter pass over him and wondering, for the hundredth time, why he had come.

It was not the present jaunt that troubled him; this was just a party, given by a society hostess for his squadron and their like. It was the whole crazy business.

His eyes, narrowed on the russet hedges, saw his senior partner's incredulous face way back in the modern splendor of their office on Wall Street that sultry afternoon: "Y' plum crazy, Grant!" Duke had spluttered. "Whatta y' going for?"

Even then he had not known. It wasn't America's war then. In those remote days it was still a good American's first "dooty," in Duke's creed, to stay "urruy nootral."

You couldn't tell Duke, in safe, padded New York, that green fields about a small, grey village might even then be running red. You couldn't tell Duke that, when you had never even seen the place except in those dreams you'd had since you were a small child visiting your grand-aunt Katherine in Virginia.

She had shown him a painting, perhaps, or told him an old tale. He didn't remember, he was very small. But there it had been, in the secret kingdom of his mind, till he went off to High School and left dreams behind.

It was last spring that it began to come back. Behind the lurid war-pictures and screaming headlines, dimly at first but clearer as he tried to blind his eyes; his village as it had always been. He saw it now, snuggled into the curve of its river: The church with its delicate spire, the village green with its daisier-clad cottages and the walled park with the deer—or had he supplied the deer?

Savagely Pilot-Officer Grant Enderton glared at the toy landscape of England, challenging it to produce his village at the next bend.

The party, in one of England's great houses, followed the usual lines. The girls were less cut to pattern, perhaps, than those at home. Grant, in a window embrasure, watched them with scant interest.

"Alone? How shocking!"

The brightly emphatic English voice belonged to one of the givers of this party. Bird-like, with tilted, grey-curved head, she smiled at him, and flashed a hand upon his sleeve. "You shall meet my niece. A charming, dear girl—"

With the correct murmurs of enthusiasm, Grant allowed himself to



"You're really here," Grant murmured incredulously, as he walked towards Katherine.

be towed into the crowd. One of the richest young men on Wall Street, he had played the "worm" before.

"Katherine Andredon,"

As his eyes met hers he astonished himself by faltering in his opening banality, detected amusement in her cool blue eyes, and felt the blood mount to his ears. It was a new and ridiculous sensation. He disliked it and her. But he was filled with an odd excitement.

She suggested, and her voice was clear and deep: "If we get out of all this you can tell me how many Heinkels you've destroyed."

"Grand," he countered, "whist you can tell me about your bomb."

"Oh, nothing like that!" she smiled faintly back at him as they moved through the crowd. "I stay too well below ground."

It was illogical to be surprised and disappointed since he had decided he did not like this girl; she had looked as if she would be driving an ambulance, that was all.

"Now," she thrust a cushion behind her on a settee. "What made you break the neutrality laws?"

He guessed she was resentful of Americans, and took up the challenge: "I'm still wondering," he drawled.

"Ah. These sentimental impulses—" she accepted a cigarette, "they don't stay the course, do they?"

"I shouldn't think you'd know," he replied carelessly.

The flame of his lighter flickered in her eyes as she bent forward, and the disconcerting flurry of pulses came to annoy him again.

Watching him, she said quietly, "I wonder why we're both trying to be offensive."

"That's easy," he told her, his accent pronounced. "You're exclusive. It's your war and you don't like Americans."

"And you're beginning to wonder if it's worth fighting in. Do you know, I find that rather tough."

"Oh, nothing so high-sounding!" But she had got under his guard. "It's just that I can't find what I came looking for—"

He stopped abruptly and covered this betrayal with a short laugh: "Half this country doesn't know it is at war."

"Not hectic enough for you yet," she nodded thoughtfully. "Have you seen the bombed cities?"

"It wasn't cities—" he began.

He had a craving to unburden himself to this girl whom he didn't like. It was easier to tell certain things to an indifferent stranger than to a friend.

She was relaxed and impersonally interested in her corner under the shaded light, but her eyes encouraged him. So that old aunt of his used to sit, he thought suddenly, whilst he told her his secrets and childish sins.

"Say!" he exclaimed. "I had a grand-aunt Katherine!"

Her lips twitched. "Was that why you came?"

"In a way," he said slowly, "it was."

HIS sensitive hands were locked between his knees, his eyes on the past. "She used to tell me about the family. She was mighty proud of the Endertons and knew it all. Plenty of fighting in it, but Indians and floods and wild beasts—not con men," he smiled.

"And tales of the war—our war. But there was some place she must have shown me . . . I thought a lot of that place . . . made up tales about it as kids do."

She nodded disarmingly and the truculence went from his tone, leaving it hesitant and strained.

"When I came over," he confessed, "that village was about the first thing I thought to see. It had made me come, hadn't it? I didn't want to. But it had got me so that I couldn't eat or sleep without seeing it ablaze—" He broke off. "You're thinking me nuts. Maybe I am."

She asked quietly, "What is the village like?"

"Well—it sounds English. Windy stream and thatched cottages—" he was beguiled into a description that was loving in its detail. The sudden rather anxious grin lightened his face attractively, but he found her expression enigmatic and withdrawn. He was beginning to wish he had guarded his tongue when:

"Darling, there you are—how nice! But I must disturb you, alas—!"

Katherine Andredon rose, a slight frown between her eyes.

"I'm sorry, Aunt Julia, is it late? We were discussing the villages of England."

"You're interested in our villages?" demanded that lady of Grant. "Then you positively must see Katherine's, charming—so utterly old-world."

He waited for encouragement from Katherine, but she merely said distantly, "The R.A.F. has no time for villages," and allowed herself to be borne off by Aunt Julia.

Though Grant was by now con-

vinced that his picture was a mirage, it was a mirage that refused to fade. Instead, he found that Katherine Andredon had come into it, without his connivance and as if she belonged. He was curiously helpless. As a child he had directed the adventure as his fancy pleased. Now he had lost control.

But at least he could bring the girl to earth, and had no difficulty in discovering that her home was the manor of Clune, which reference to the map showed just to be over the county border. At present, however, Katherine was with her aunt in Curzon Street.

But, given action, he was less troubled by dreams, and the squadron was now entering upon one of those periods of "intensive activity," with its alternate excitement and fatigue when the moment, for its own sake, sufficed.

Grant's score was steadily mounting, though the luck was not always his. It was one of such mornings when, called out with the flight to break up an attack on a convoy, his engine began missing as his particular quarry streaked for France and, with ammunition practically exhausted, Grant had to abandon the chase.

He had crossed the coast, flying below the cloud to pick up his landmarks, when a river, lying like a twisted ribbon across a map, reminded him that somewhere hereabouts lay Clune.

Since his engine seemed to be recovering its temper, he flew lower until he could clearly see a grey-spired church and a long black-and-white house amid trees where the river curved like a protecting arm . . .

He caught his breath. In the moment of time that his heart stopped memory jerked the scene into focus. So had it looked to the child gazing down from the crags of his perilous mountain. It and no other.

Exultation took him and in a crazy dive he swooped to swerve around, following the river's curve, picking up each tiny familiar mark . . . for this he had come!

Again he soared and found himself laughing, shouting with laughter, for he had been right, right all the time. What it meant he couldn't know, nor for the triumphant moment cared.

And then out of the cloud dived a second plane, deliberately on the tiny, defenceless target, wantonly, bestially—

Grant saw the bomb go down as he swooped. He was cold, with an ice-cold anger that forgot all else; forgot his damaged engine and spent ammunition as the Messerschmitt swerved and fled across the hill, making for cover in the cloud, with Grant on his tail. Again they circled

and banked, manoeuvring for place, but, as the last of the bullets went home, Grant's engine spluttered, spluttered again, and he was tearing down, the enemy in his path, and this time the Hun did not swerve.

In a premonitory flash too sharp for thought, Grant saw them both locked together, falling—he'd got him, anyway.

The shock, when it came, flung the plane like a toy, and instinct born of training took control. It was not his conscious brain that functioned when the earth rushed up to meet him. It was hands that knew what they were about and brought the rocking machine, one wing half torn away, back over the hill to a crash landing on the pasture that a child had made his own.

When he climbed out of the cockpit his limbs seemed not to belong to him and his head was light, but an oddly comforting familiarity wrapped him about. He was in an open space that was an outlying stretch of the park. Over there lay the house and some distance away, the church and the cottages on the green. It struck him that the place was very still. And as his eyes fell on the wrecked machine, he wondered.

He had found his village and knew that he had never actually believed in it before. But now that he was here—what was it? Was it, perhaps, death?

Looking again at the plane, he had no memory of bringing her down, doubted his ability to have done so. He supposed—he lifted his head and stared around for the path that should take him to the village—he supposed he had better find out.

He had barely reached the trees when a girl came running. It was Katherine Andredon. That seemed to settle it, for Katherine was in London.

Yards from him she shouted, "You all right?" then stopped dead. "It's you," she said.

"And it's you. You're really here," Grant murmured incredulously, as he walked towards her.

Her anxious eyes searched him as she explained carelessly: "Yes—my bomb, after all. I saw you come down—and the other brute."

"Oh, lord, yes. Is he—?"

"In flames," she nodded. "I don't think the bomb could have hit anything. But are you all right?"

He looked at her and hesitated. "You want a drink more than anything," she ordered.

"Are there drinks then, here?" The words had slipped out. "I mean, I'm not sure where I am — where we are."

Please turn to page 20

ECZEMA And Old Sores

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This is a **GUARANTEED** Treatment for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.



Painted by Wep

ARTIST WEP has recently returned from a painting trip in north-west operational areas. (See story on opposite page.) Here are three paintings he brought back, and more of his work will be published later.

- Top: Loading a bomber on a camouflaged field.
- Bottom left: Operations room in the tropics.
- Bottom right: Aircraft overhaul.



Artist Wep discovers the Northern Territory



WEP AT WORK on his painting tour of North-west operational areas.



LOCKHEED-HUDSON CREW, sketched on the field.



LAUNDRY FATIGUE—Wep at a Northern Territory clothes-line.

Paints soldiers, airmen, planes on tour of operational areas

By WEP

Open-eyed surprise is the reaction to the Northern Territory—mine, anyway.

All those vague and foggy preconceptions as to the aridity and desolation of the North, all those quaint notions of Darwin itself being a bleak, hick collection of rusty tin houses, sand, and empty oyster-shells, can be carefully swept up and relegated to the dustbin.

It doesn't seem possible for there to be so many trees. For hours and hours it's your only vision from the plane going there.

The monotony becomes irksome, the mind boggles at the vastness of this great flat country.

You welcome the bushfire as a change, but after flying blind through smoke for three-quarters of an hour you get sick of that too.

It's wonderful to land. Here's no sunburnt bush. Green is the word for it—unbelievably green.

After nine months' dry season the foliage could with some justification appear a trifle faded. But, no. There's no bush down south to compete with its color.

The troops think (at first) that this is a bit of all right after the convoy trip up through the dry centre of Australia.

They see the cabbages and tomatoes, the lettuce, the bananas, the papaws grow with amazing speed and vigor after the application of a little water.

The keeper of them set up little gardens around their tents. Soon there's another home from home.

Fantastic visions of post-war development float before their eyes. They see great farms freely irrigated—a land of wealth and golden opportunity.

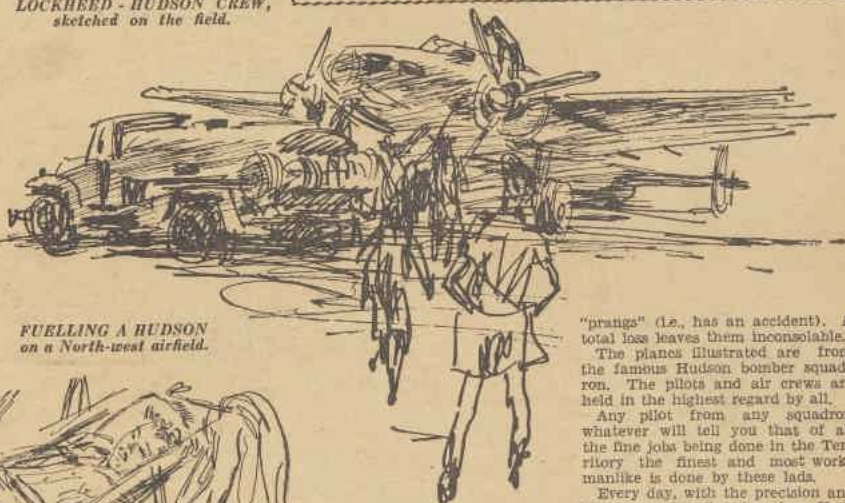
But always some gloomy hardhead remarks with a tired and patient voice, "I dunno, sonny, just forget it everybody else will."

And after twelve months of camp life there, with nowhere to go, no women to see, no pub in a nearby village, they do.

Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide,

Perth, Brisbane become magical cities of potential good times. Going south is the one thought. But despite all the boredom and sameness of it all, the goodfellowship that exists between the troops is a thing to behold.

Always good talk, sudden laughter, and cheerful damnation of the



FUELLING A HUDSON on a North-west airfield.



SNOOZE IN THE SUN for a weary pilot.

whole joint. You'd think they would get on each other's nerves—if they do they never show it.

The authorities do their best to entertain the troops. Most camps can see films twice a week. The latest releases are available, and it's very pleasant sitting on either bush-carpeted seats or a natural earthy amphitheatre in the open air under the sub-tropic night.

At every show it is the invariable routine for the troops, after the opening "God Save the King" and the "Star Spangled Banner" (accompanied by slides of the King, President Roosevelt, and General MacArthur), to shout a mighty, good-humored chorus of "What about Joe (Stalin)?"

The canteen service has erected men's clubs at various spots along the north-south road. Meals, snacks, soft drinks ("lolly water" to you), and ice-cream are always available.

There are radios and records, pianos, billiards, table-tennis, and what have you. These clubs are immensely popular.

On one of the rivers a magnificent pool and rest camp have been constructed. The pool is swarming with bathers, and the shouts and squeals are reminiscent of a school-kids' picnic. It's all very gay.

A fine bush racecourse has been cut out of the scrub. Horses from local stations are auctioned for each race. Money so collected provides

the stakes. The V.R.C. sends up the jockeys' silks.

A percentage of the tote money is given to the Prisoners of War Fund. In one day the fund can benefit by over £1000.

You stay at different camps and everyone is very helpful. You set up an easel, and you're lucky if you are not trampled to death under the feet of the curious crowds of tough and soldierly lookers-on who pose in staid attitudes in the most arty-arty way.

Pleas of "Come on, sport, put Whacko the Wop in yer pitcher," assail the ear. You tell them that some undecipherable mark in an out-of-the-way corner is Whacko, and the mob is very happy.

Wistful questions

A STRANGER from the south is a certain recipient of wistful questions as to whether Pitt Street is still in the same place. Or what does a girl look like now?

Or how does a schooner taste? Which remark inevitably leads to a black and solid hate of the Japs who, it is alleged, sink nothing but the beer ships.

The issue is one bottle a week. And how it is looked forward to! Needless to say, the beer dump is more than well guarded.

The Air Force is pretty well represented up there in the North, and all troops know what's what about types of machines operating.

The ground crews have great faith in, and loyalty to, the air crews and their planes. Always they will tell you that the plane they look after is the finest kite on the field. They all are.

It is a sad day when a machine

"prangs" (i.e., has an accident). A total loss leaves them inconsolable.

The planes illustrated are from the famous Hudson bomber squadron. The pilots and air crews are held in the highest regard by all.

Any pilot from any squadron whatever will tell you that of all the fine jobs being done in the Territory the finest and most workmanlike is done by these lads.

Every day, with the precision and regularity of mail trains, these Hudsons drop a load of bombs on Jap stations in the islands to the north.

It was from a Hudson that I saw the aboriginal reserve of Arnhem Land. A huge and lonely place scored by tidal creeks swiftly running with the surge of a twenty-foot rise and fall of tide.

Billabongs lush with swamp grass harbor wild fowl of every description—geese, pelicans, storks, ducks, everything that swims and flies, move in, around, and over the great red water-lilies.

Flying low you disturb kangaroos in their thousands, buffaloes, wild horses, and crocodiles. The land is seething with life.

At a mission station the natives trade with the adjunct of a force. Beads and shells are swapped for flour and rations. For a cigarette an abo. will do almost anything.

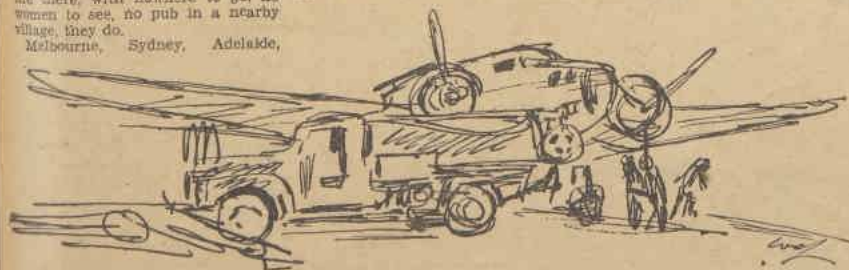
A bunch of them wander through the camp to pick it clean of bumpers. Tobacco talks up there.

Yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow are for the troops unidentifiable; for each of these days is a day of work, training, and weather which is starkly standardised. It is almost impossible to meet a soldier who would not rather be somewhere else; where there is action, variety, danger, and life.

A Japanese raid is their one excitement, but even these are sporadic and directed towards the airfields.

Boredom is a serious problem, typified by the troops as "going troppo," an alleged complete collapse in which one's sole interest is the serious discussion of affairs with any lizard which will care to talk back.

But from all this the soldiers have discovered the Territory for themselves. Clarity and comprehension have cleaned up the edges of their erstwhile pictures of the North.



BEST KITE ON THE FIELD—that's each and every machine, according to ground crews who service them.

Editorial

NOVEMBER 20, 1943

WAR AGAINST CANCER

IN the last few years Australia has had many distinguished visitors who have hastened here on urgent business designed to help Australia's war effort.

Two recent arrivals have come to concern themselves with Australia's peace effort—Dr. Ralston Paterson, Director of the Christie Hospital and Holt Radium Institute, Manchester, England, and his wife.

Dr. Paterson has come to Australia to advise the New South Wales Government on the organisation and working of a proposed Cancer Institute.

His wife, Dr. Edith Paterson, will concentrate on the research and educational side of the cancer problem.

It is good to know that in the temporary struggle against a foreign enemy the age-old fight against disease is not abandoned.

News of the visit of the Patersons will be welcomed all over Australia.

In the new world to come after the war there must be a tremendous extension of medical benefits of all kinds.

Imagine if the cost to Australia of one month of war — 30 days at £1,700,000 a day — were made available to the forces of healing. What institutes, laboratories, hospitals, and clinics could be built with that!

It will indeed be a happy day when the taxpayers' money can be diverted from the business of destruction to these finer things.

In idealistic mood it is even possible to envision the launching of a loan in which good Australians would be asked to invest in national health.

The dividends would be in the coinage of life saved, health maintained, homes made happy.

—THE EDITOR.

Cheery letters from prisoners bring comfort to homes

How prisoners of war in Germany make the best of the long years of waiting is indicated in some of this week's Letters from Our Boys.

One writes of discussions on post-war plans and politics. Another, in a humorous letter to his mother, says: "I think I'll stay here for the winter sports this year again, dear. . . . Keep smiling, and don't worry."

It is such letters as these that bring great comfort to mothers of prisoners, who, by their cheerful outlook, display bravery no less admirable than that of the battlefield.

Other briefer letters this week come from prisoners in Japanese hands.

Lieut. John Eveley, prisoner at Offag VIIIB, Germany, to his mother at 4 Keith St., Port Pirie West, S.A.:

"OUR main conversation these days is Sicily, and daily we decide exactly what Churchill should do.

"The remainder of our conversation is in praise of the Red Cross, for we have months of food supplies stored away, and have hardly a care in the world—not our own choice, of course.

"Sometimes I wonder about post-war plans, but realise more clearly now that circumstances, rather than desires, will control the future.

"I am very keen to have land, and my school plans are still being discussed. (I find my scheme popular among teachers here.)

"Living among all these English graduates and teachers is extremely broadening to the mind.

"Still, good old South Australia and my own people are good enough for me."

A captain from Sydney in Otago VIIIB, Germany, to friends in Sydney:

"AT times the world seems a long way away, but we are brought back to the goings-on outside by the accounts of various doings in the German papers.

"We have thus learned of the Federal elections and of the 'Brisbane Line'.

"Because of the war in the South-West Pacific, Australia occupies a fair amount of space in the papers, and we are continually collecting information about conditions with you.

"We gather men and methods are much the same.

"By this you will have heard that I am no longer in chains. I have returned to mess with Doug, and Jim has joined us.

"Doug is permanent mess cook, and turns out tasty dishes from the limited means at his disposal.

"He made a cake to celebrate Jean's birthday, but was unable to bake it, so he steamed it!

"It turned out fairly well, especially with the chocolate icing, and the 'J' on top in sugar looked fine."

Cpl. T. C. Godwin in Stalag VIIIB, Germany, to his mother, 63 William St., Roseville, N.S.W.:

"NIGHT shift this week in the mine, best shift of all. The time flies.

"I wish you could see me, about 130 stone. This life must agree with me.

"If you are not feeling too good any time, just lock yourself up for a couple of years. It does one good, you know.

"I think I will stay over here for the winter sports this year again. Must away, dear. Playing cards to-night. Must keep my social engagements, you know.

"Just had a fortnight in hos-



SGT. ROY K. DABINET (centre) sent this picture, taken in Stalag XIIIIC, Germany, to his mother, at 2 Mundulla St., Kilkenny, S.A. On left is Sgt. Wallace Haines, of Woodville, S.A.

pital with a twisted ankle. A good rest. Nothing to do but eat, sleep, and play cards.

"Almost four years gone now. It can't last more than another ten or twenty. Keep smiling, and don't worry. I am in the pink."

Pte. Allan Russell, prisoner of war in Germany, to his mother, Mrs. M. Russell, South Yarra, Vic.:

"I HAVE met quite a few Americans here. They were taken prisoner in Tunisia last January. So we all exchange experiences with one another.

"They can tell a pretty good tale, but we Aussies will take some beating. You have only to ask any English chap.

"My mate Alan Cox and myself had two tins of egg powder (equal to about six eggs), one tin of tomatoes, one tin of meat roll, and a pot of tea for our breakfast this morning, so I am feeling rather satisfied.

"A man can speak a few words of four languages. The trouble is you get them all mixed up together trying to speak them.

"I have just received another 200 cigarettes from the Australian Red Cross."

New rules for those writing to men in enemy hands

Thousands of relatives of prisoners of war have become confused through the recent change of instructions for the despatch of letters to prisoners of war.

Letters must now be addressed direct and not, as formerly, care of the Australian Red Cross.

BECAUSE of this, the Red Cross Society has issued some detailed instructions to help writers of these letters.

To a prisoner in the Far East you may write only 25 words, which do not include the "dear" or your signature.

Your letter must be typed or written in block capitals. The Red Cross will help with your typing. On the left-hand top corner of

the envelope write "Prisoner of War Post" and beneath that "Service des Prisonniers de Guerre."

The address should include: Service number, rank, name, the words "Australian Prisoner of War," camp (if known), country of internment.

But unless you know he is in a specifically named camp, such as Zentsu or Third Branch Camp, you must also include his unit. For instance, if the address you



ALL THE BOYS in this picture, taken at Stalag XIIIIC, Germany, are from N.S.W. Picture was sent by Pte. H. C. Fohmabee, third from right at back, to Miss J. Heavy, 32 Carillon Ave., Newtown, N.S.W.

TWO mothers have become fast friends through exchanging news of their sons who are prisoners of war.

They are Mrs. M. Ford, of Arncliffe, N.S.W., mother of Sergeant Ray Ford, and Mrs. C. R. Filkins, of Padstow Park, Bankstown, N.S.W., whose sons are Dvr. Colin and Cpl. Neville Filkins.

Ray and Neville were mates before they went to Malaya, though their families had not met.

Neither family had any news of the boys after the fall of Singapore. The first word came in recent letter-cards from Moulmein, Burma. All three boys are together, and their families plan a big reunion when the long-awaited day of release comes.



RON WHITING, Jack Bailey, Ken Drew, and Thomas Knell, prisoners at R.D.O., 2816, Berg Am Laim, Munchen, Germany. Picture sent by Mrs. T. Knell, Garden City, Port Melbourne.

Pte. C. M. Fitzpatrick, in Stalag XVIIIa, Germany, to his mother at Mt. Eliza, Vic.:

"WE are having a good time today: it's a holiday. We went for a drive in the buggy to give the horses exercise.

"From now on I think I'll be driving the horses in the mowing machine permanently. That will suit me, as the driver does not work so hard as the others.

"I have been on this job 32 months now. I had always worn civvies on the job, but when two of the boys cleared out we had to wear uniforms and have P.O.W. printed on our civvies."

SEND the letters you receive from your men and women in the Service to "Letters from Our Boys," conducted by Adele Shellen Smith.

As an acknowledgment, The Australian Women's Weekly pays for every letter, extract, and photograph published. Minimum payment for long letters is £1, and for brief extracts, 3/-.

have is only "Malai Camp," "Borneo Camp," or "Thai Camp," be sure to include the unit.

If you have heard nothing of him, or if you don't know his camp, the letter must be sent care of Japanese Red Cross Society, Tokio. Address your letters as you did before he was captured. Then add the name of the country where he was last known to be, the words "Australian Prisoner of War," and finally, care of Japanese Red Cross Society.

If you are writing to a man missing since July, 1942, then his unit or the place where he was serving must not be included.

The address should read: Number, rank, name, Service, then the words: "Australian Prisoner of War, care of Japanese Red Cross Society, Tokio, Japan."

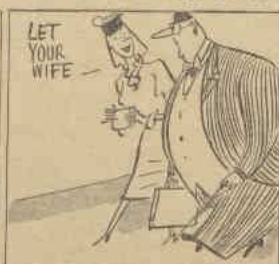
If writing to a prisoner in Europe address your letter to the camp.

If you don't know in which camp he is, send the letter care International Red Cross Society, Geneva. You may send letters to prisoners in Europe by airmail.

Include the P.O.W. number if he has one. If not, use his Service number.

If the prisoner is in Germany, write under the words "Prisoner of War Post," on the top left-hand corner of the envelope, the German word, "Kriegsgefangenenpost."

If the letter is addressed to Switzerland or any other country use the words, "Service des Prisonniers de Guerre."



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By Wep

Film Reviews

★ ★ THE MAJOR AND THE MINOR

A diverting and effervescent farce-comedy, packed with crazy situations and witty dialogue.

The laughs start when Ginger Rogers masquerades as a twelve-year-old child so that she can travel from New York to her home town on half-fare. Milland, a major who teaches at a military academy, becomes embarrassingly involved when he helps her to elude the suspicious conductors by taking her into his own compartment.

The two stars receive grand support from Rita Johnson as the jealous fiancée, Robert Benchley as one of the New York wolves, and an especially appealing new kid star, Diana Lynn—Regent; showing.

★ ★ IN OLD CALIFORNIA

An entertaining story of hard-fighting, devil-may-care American pioneers set in the exciting days of the Californian gold rush. The story is packed with action, and there is never a dull moment. It revolves round a young chemist, John Wayne; a beautiful night-club singer, Binnie Barnes; a ruthless gunman, Albert Dekker; and a young society girl, Helen Parrish.

The four leading players are splendidly cast, and receive strong comedy support from Patsey Kelly and Edgar Kennedy. Binnie Barnes gives a highly polished characterisation of the night-club girl who knew what she wanted and went after it.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

★ TALES OF MANHATTAN

DESPITE a scintillating array of top-ranking stars, this film is episodic and patchy, with many labored sequences.

The title and exaggerated story revolves round an expensive dress coat, and the fortunes and misfortunes of those who wear it.

Among the whole galaxy of stars

OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★★ Excellent
- ★★★ Above average
- ★★ Average
- No stars — below average.

there are but two outstanding scenes which will linger in the memory. The Charles Laughton-Elsa Lanchester sequence is acted with sympathy and skilfully conceived, although slightly dimmed by the melodramatic climax. Vying with Laughton for the acting honors, Edward G. Robinson gives a vital performance in his effective interlude.

For the rest of the film there is little that is praiseworthy. The Ginger Rogers-Henry Fonda episode is a stupid, trifling affair. The negro finale, featuring Paul Robeson, Ethel Waters, and the Hall Johnson Choir, had immense possibilities, but due to uninspired direction is a dull and gloomy scene.

Unfortunately, the film gets away to a bad start with poor acting and direction. Three popular stars, Charles Boyer, Rita Hayworth, and Thomas Mitchell, fall utterly in their bid to make a far-fetched and tiresome incident appear convincing.—Mayfair; showing.

★ CHINA GIRL

PRODUCED and written by Ben Hecht, this could have been a tremendously dramatic film, but for the acting deficiencies of co-stars Gene Tierney and George Montgomery.

As usual, Miss Tierney manages to look stunningly pretty, but the role of the Chinese patriot whose cold hatred of her Japanese tormentors cannot be thwarted by love, is an exacting one, and apparently quite beyond Gene's capabilities.

Montgomery is a likeable young man, but still appears infinitely more at ease in a "Wild West" setting than as the daring American flier.

Lynn Bari makes the most of an unconvincing role, but Victor McLaglen is splendidly cast as a swashbuckling soldier of fortune caught in the maelstrom of the war in Asia.—Plaza; showing.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and

LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant are trying to clear PRINCESS NARDA: Who, with Teller Smith, is charged with theft.

Real thief is hypnotist Grando, who bribes two men to kill Mandrake. The men double-cross Grando, hire a boy to follow him, but Grando suspects boy.

NOW READ ON:—



Jules Verne story proves popular thriller for radio

Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," which has delighted generations of readers, is the 5.30 p.m. serial heard from 2GB every Monday to Thursday.

THE radio serial has all the thrills which made the novel famous.

The exploits of Captain Nemo and his party aboard the gigantic submarine which menaces the shipping of the world provide red-blooded adventure that will appeal to adults as well as to children.

When Jules Verne wrote his romances of the future, most of his prophecies seemed fantastic. The fact that many of them have been fulfilled adds new interest for a new generation.

Most adults have read the book, and will enjoy renewing acquaintance with it. They will, too, enjoy watching the pleasure a favorite story gives their children.

There is so much incident that each episode is an adventure in itself.

The cast includes Leonard Bennett, Frank Bradley, Harold Meade, Peter Finch, Kenneth Pawley, Ronald Morse, and Lou Vernon, all well-known radio artists.

The radio adaptation is by Kenneth Pawley.

"Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" is centred round an unknown something, "The Horror," which is menacing the shipping of the world.

The U.S. Navy sends out a warship to track it down. After an exciting chase the warship is hit, and three members of the expedition are thrown into the sea.

It is then that the adventures commence.

Listeners hear of a trip to the Pole in a submarine; of the discovery of a secret tunnel between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean; the

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, November 12: Ray Edwards' Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, November 18 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Googie Reeve presents "All Those in Favour."

FRIDAY, November 19: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Googie Reeve in "Gems of Melody."

SATURDAY, November 20: Googie Reeve presents Radio competition, "Melody Four-square."

SUNDAY, November 21 (4.15 to 4.30): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."

MONDAY, November 22: Googie Reeve's "Letters From Our Boys."

TUESDAY, November 23: Musical Alphabet.

finding of a vast fortune in pearls; of fights with cannibals; and of hunting expeditions on floor of the ocean.

Captain Nemo, played by Leonard Bennett, is a daring and mysterious figure who leads his party through these stirring adventures by sea, land, and air.

The story's climax is the revelation of Nemo's identity and the destruction of the menacing boat.

"Monty" enlists Formbys in his famous 8th Army



GENERAL MONTGOMERY salutes his magnificent men of the Eighth Army in the streets of Reggio, Calabria. Inset, centre: George Formby, entertaining British troops.



GEORGE FORMBY and his wife, Beryl, who at the invitation of General Montgomery advanced with the Eighth Army in Italy.

Ukulele player and his wife entertained the veterans during advance in Italy

Cabled by ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

George Formby, ukulele-playing British comedian, and his blonde wife, Beryl, shared General Montgomery's bully beef as they advanced 100 miles with the Eighth Army in Italy, giving front-line performances to the troops.

It was at Reggio, up the leg of Italy, at the invitation of General Montgomery, that the Formbys became part of the victorious Eighth Army. They're now back in London, and over breakfast Beryl told me about the amazing experience.

BERYL FORMBY is the only British civilian woman to go with the advance guard of a modern army.

Though her uniform was a cotton frock, and courage and determination her only armor, she has brought entertainment to the most forward lines of fighting men.

When George Formby went out to entertain the troops, his wife, Beryl, who is part of the act, went with him.

They got as far as Sicily when Montgomery sent them an invitation to go forward with the army.

Beryl said, "Italians gaped in astonishment when they saw me. They thought I must be the General's lady."

"Some thought I was Eleanor Roosevelt, but our Army knew me all right, and as our tiny jeep threaded its way along roads crowded with twenty-five-pounders, armored cars, tanks, and lorries, the soldiers would shout, 'How are you, George?' and we would wave to them."

"They have a wonderful spirit, that army. Their morale is so high it was like a large-scale picnic pressing forward with them."

"At night we would camp and give a concert as the soldiers got the evening meal. Then at the crack of dawn be up and on our way again."

"Monty is a wonderful leader, his systems are efficient, and his organisation is terrific."

"We were amazed at the way he worked as he advanced, for we were his guests for a day, and shared his meal of bully beef."

"In spite of his efficiency,

and the vociferous welcome we received proved how right he was to bring entertainment right up to the forward patrols."

George Formby, who, armed only with his ukulele, went to war with the army in Italy, said of the Eighth Army's leader: "Monty is as good a showman as a general. He would have done well on the stage himself."

"He is a simple man with a straight-from-the-shoulder attitude towards men, and an 'I don't want any arguments' manner."

"He would get his men in a ring,

and say: 'The only way you'll get home is through Berlin,' but every man-jack among the troops would cheer his heart out at the words."

"He's got a brilliant smile and something almost hypnotic about his eyes."

"He's a man for minute details, as his appearance proves, for he is immaculate in the field."

"He lives as hard as the men. We

had only the same bully beef as they for lunch."

George and Beryl met Lance Fairfax in Algiers, where he was organising ENSA parties for the troops.

They flew many of the long hops from Algiers to Cairo, Haifa, and back, piloted by Australian airmen, who invited them to the Commonwealth.

George said to me, "It's our first trip after the war. Both Beryl and I intended to go out, but war stepped in."

Beryl is a champion cook. She takes a stove with her so she can make George pancakes wherever they go.

Married 19 years, she and her husband never separated in all their journeyings, never moved without a pan for pancakes.

In the desert she taught members of the R.A.A.P. how to make ice-cream, for they somehow got hold of a petrol refrigerator.

She cooked for the advancing Eighth Army, and taught soldiers how to make Lancashire fatty cakes.

Formby is starting a new film which is still untitled, and which will incorporate songs he sang to the victorious Eighth, most popular of which are "Fanny's Fanny," "I Served You Right," and "You Shouldn't Have Joined the Army."

Touring company plans return trip to outback camps

Jenny Howard, her husband, Percy King, and other members of the Tivoli company which recently toured Service camps and Allied Works Council establishments, are spending their spare hours giving messages to relatives of men they met outback.

Little notes scrawled on the backs of envelopes, sometimes in lipstick if a pencil wasn't available, bring the boys a little nearer to their homes.



JENNY HOWARD, comedienne, of the Tivoli Company, which entertained troops in the outback.

"**E**VERY message is almost the same—I'm well, and you mustn't worry about me," said Miss Howard, comedienne of the show.

Temporarily dispersed, members of the company hope that early next year they, with Mobile Minnie, the travelling stage, will be on the route again up North.

"We promised to go back, and we couldn't possibly break that promise," they say.

The company took glamor and first-class entertainment to men in far stations.

They were warmly welcomed. "Gosh, it's been like a wonderful dream," said one lanky A.I.F. lad in Northern Australia. "Mum'll never believe me. Billy tea with the Tivoli ballet away up here, when we haven't seen a white woman for more than a year."

"I wish I knew who was the sailor who welcomed us unofficially to Darwin," said Jenny Howard,

"Our big trailer-car pulled up in the street, and a young sailor stood transfixed looking at us. Then he rushed to the garden of an abandoned house nearby, picked a huge armful of flowers, and thrust it into my hands through the window of the car."

"Those are for you," he said breathlessly.

"And that's for you," I said, and kissed him."

Keeping a diary was forbidden for security reasons, but Jenny and the company will always remember the many amusing, sometimes a little pathetic, but always interesting, reactions to their sudden appearance in some Service unit or Works Council camp.

For instance, there was the wedding day in Darwin of Nancy Kerr and Don Royal, two members of the company.

An Army officer was detailed to help with the arrangements for the reception. In civilian life he had been an interior decorator.

Solemnly he paraded some men. "Four men fall out for duty," he said.

Four husky tanned be-men stood out.

"Now then, go and pick flowers for the decorations," was his order.

Jenny Howard's blue eyes twinkled at the memory.

"You should have seen their faces," she said. However, armed with masses of glorious frangipani, the men came back, and were detailed to cover a wedding bell made from ornaments of netting.

"They made a beautiful job of it, but I'll never forget one of them looking at me and saying, 'Well, for

To keep peas

RECENT departmental tests reveal that peas shelled and put into screw-top jars, then placed in icebox or refrigerator, will keep fresh for at least four weeks.

Beans can be kept in the same manner for a shorter period. Top, tail, and string young, crisp beans before putting into the screw-top jars.

While peas and beans are cheap and plentiful housewives are advised to try this easy, quick method of preservation.

heaven's sake, I came all these thousands of miles up here, and now I'm sticking flowers on a darned wedding bell!"

Audiences ranging from thousands to a couple of dozen got exactly the same shows, and occasionally a few civilians would attend.

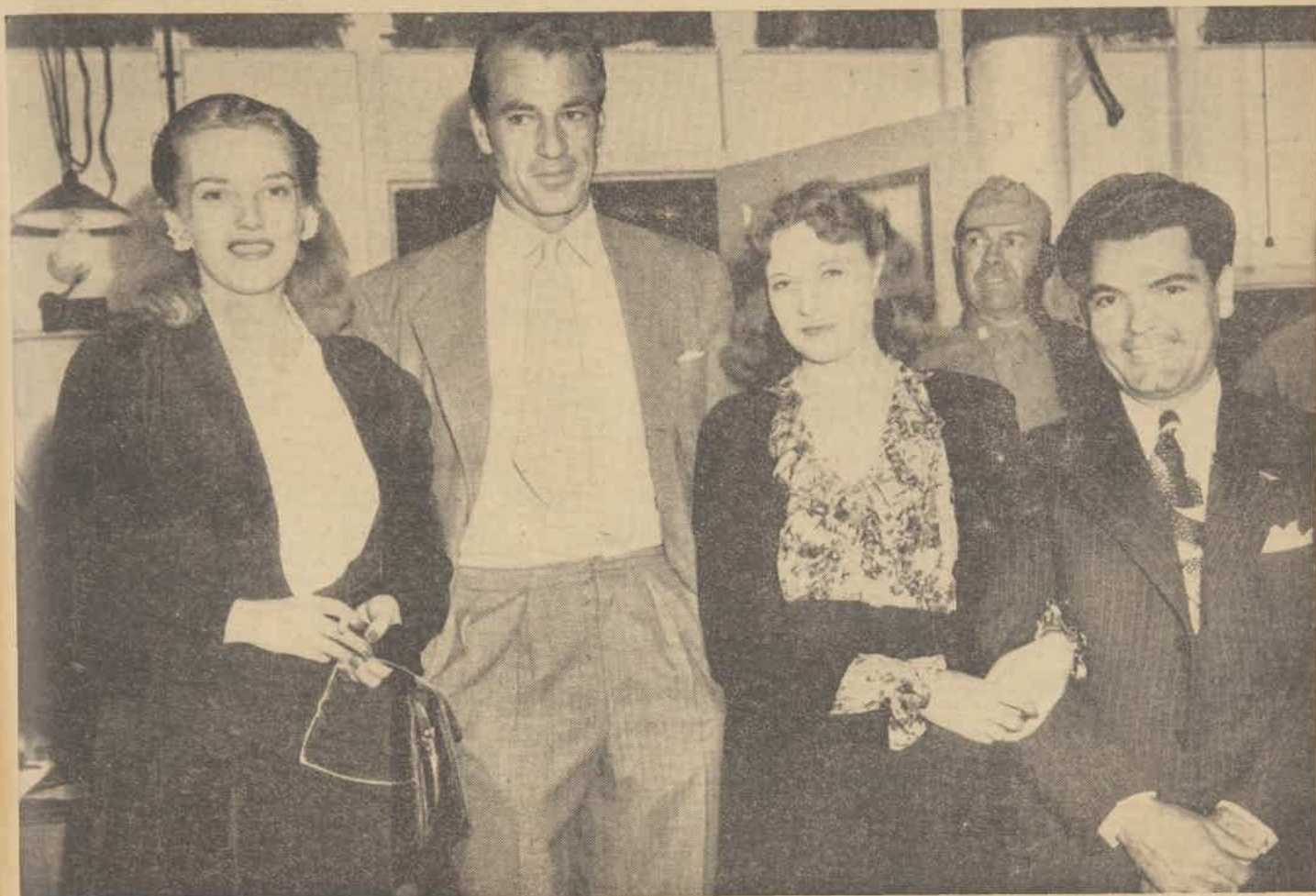
In northern Queensland, one man, his wife, and two children came 200 miles to see the first theatrical show of their lives.

In hospitals the company was specially welcome. If a complete show couldn't be given, the performers would stand by beds and give an item or two.

One ex-miner from Kalgoorlie, who was listed for an operation, begged to have it deferred till after the company's visit. This was not possible, but as he came out from the anaesthetic Jenny Howard stood by his bedside with the sister and sang his favorite song, "The Last Time I Saw Paris."

"I was nearly in tears, but he managed a good grin for me," said Jenny.

Gary Cooper in Australia to entertain troops



HEADED NORTH. Gary Cooper, with Phyllis Brooks (left), Una Merkel, and Andy Arcari (right), piano-accordionist, who are to entertain Allied troops in the South-West Pacific.



GARY is checked over by a U.S. Army doctor in Brisbane. Una Merkel, when asked in America if she would like to tour the Pacific with Gary, answered, "Who wouldn't?"



AUTOGRAPH SEEKER gets signature and smile from Cooper in Brisbane. Gary said: "I don't sing, I don't dance, I'm not a natural jokester, but I felt I ought to take a try."

DOCTOR BURCH

said: "Now, friends, do go downstairs and have your rests. Polly and I will cope with this. I beg of you to go to your rooms."

We were all crowded at the top of the stairs. Doctor Burch stood in front of the attic as if protecting it from our possible assault. Behind him was the low-roofed, cavernous left, with heavy dark contours that were boxes and trunks and chests. Beyond those was the door that led out on to the roof.

A man's figure came crouching through this doorway and scrambled over trunks. Rufus Keyes stood beside his uncle.

"Anne," Doctor Burch was saying, "would you be kind enough to run down to my office and call Doctor Otis, the medical examiner, and ask him to come here?"

Mr. Fargo shouted: "Poppycock! Burch, you don't send for a medical examiner if a woman develops a headache. What are you hiding from us?"

Rufus Keyes put his hands on his uncle's shoulder. He said: "My uncle isn't hiding anything from you, Mr. Fargo. Kindly endeavor, everybody, to keep your shirts on. Mrs. Vinson seems to have succumbed to some unknown malady."

"A heart attack, a simple heart attack!" Doctor Burch said. "But one is obliged to notify the medical examiner in all cases of sudden demise."

I was running downstairs, Bud following two steps at a time.

"Kindly endeavor to keep your shirt on," he said. "A lovely rest cure we're having, eh, what, Anne?"

We went into Doctor Burch's small, cluttered office, and I asked the operator to give me the office of Otis, the medical examiner. I said to Bud, who was sitting on the edge of Doctor Burch's desk, "It's just a matter of routine, of course."

"Oh, yeah?" he scoffed. "Well, after all, I suppose that people do have heart attacks."

"They do," I admitted, "but it must have been a very queer heart

Mystery Stalks the Roof

Continued from page 5

attack, judging from the expression of Doctor Burch's and Polly Smith's and Rufus Keyes' faces."

"There were a lot of people here who considered the poor old dame neat poison," my brother said.

"There's no reason in the world to think that Mrs. Vinson was—"

"Murdered?"

"Well, yes."

"Why are you so sure?" he asked, and then I heard a voice, presumably that of Doctor Phillip Otis, the medical examiner, saying, "Hello—hello?"

I didn't want to go out on that roof, but I felt that because of Jeffrey's and my unfortunate avocation I had an obligation to go and offer my help to Doctor Burch. Also, Bud insisted that it was my duty. He, however, was prejudiced, wanting to acquire dramatic copy. Very reluctantly I went back upstairs, and into the attic.

It was certainly difficult enough to get to the door out on to the roof. Trunks and chests and boxes left only a narrow path, and not a straight one. Unless you climbed over mountains of things you had to squeeze along this extremely restricted way. We reached the door, which was three-quarters shut. Opening it, heat and light struck us with violence.

Doctor Burch, Rufus, and Polly Smith were leaning over a figure that lay on a steamer rug. Everyone else had disappeared.

"I called the medical examiner, Doctor Burch," I said. "He'll come very shortly."

"Thank you, my dear," he said miserably. "Would you—er—perhaps you could offer some opinion, Anne—you have had so much experience."

Bud came along and kept his hand on my shoulder. But I couldn't offer any opinion. Why was Mrs. Vinson's face so dreadfully red and swollen? Sunburned, yes, but even

a bad sunburn isn't ordinarily as bad as that.

I felt a little ill, and said: "I'm sorry, Doctor Burch. I haven't anything to suggest. Would you like me to send for Jeffrey?"

"Jeffrey?" he said. "My dear girl, of course I am always glad to see Jeffrey as a friend, but there is no earthly reason for calling him in on a simple case of this sort."

"Of course," I agreed, but thought he was being strange about it. "I think I'll go and lie down now, Doctor Burch."

Bud followed me into my room, subdued and pale-greenish. He said: "If Jeffrey were here I'd feel better. What's the use of having a surgeon-sleuth in the family if you don't make use of him? Let's telephone him, Anne."

"Look Bud," I said. "I'm exhausted. I'm going to try to sleep. You go and work on your play."

So he went into his room and I lay down on my bed and tried to sleep, but heavy feet kept going up and down stairs, and passed and repassed my door and went into the attic and came out.

AN hour or more passed, and I rang for tea, and the maid brought it with thin cucumber sandwiches and little biscuits.

Bud came in and lay on the couch and I sat in the rocking-chair and served tea from a small table. Bud was sure that trouble was going to ensue from the death of Mrs. Vinson. As I was trying to persuade him that he was entirely mistaken, someone knocked at the door and Polly Smith came in.

She looked exhausted. Bud jumped up and insisted that she take his place, and I poured her some tea. But she did not relax among the cushions. She sat up stiffly, her starched little cap properly in place on her head.

Bud took her cup. He said: "Look, lady, I see by the tea leaves that there is trouble looming ahead. Just what did cause the heart attack of the late lamented Mrs. Vinson?"

The girl looked frightened. She said: "I don't know, Mr. Holt."

"I don't know Mr. Holt either," my brother said. "You're not referring to one Corey or Bud Holt, are you, by chance? He has no last name."

I said: "He's flippant because he's disturbed. Polly, flippancy is a family weakness. Forgive us."

She said, "Of course, I quite understand," and then, sitting there so primly, she began to shiver. Her cup trembled in the saucer until a tidal wave of tea splashed over the edge. She was nearly crying, fighting back her emotion.

I looked at my brother and nodded at him with meaning, trying to convey to him that he must go into his own room and leave her to me. However, he remained unmoved. He took her cup and said: "Look, my good girl, what's on your mind? I advise you to spill it before it freezes into a psychosis or a neurosis."

He has a very sympathetic tone when he wants to employ it.

Polly Smith, still trembling, said that she couldn't bring herself to tell anybody, it was so awful.

"Get it out," Bud said. "You'll feel better. What's stuck in your throat?"

"Mrs. Vinson," she said. "I mean, how she died. I'm dreadfully worried."

"But, why? Doctor Burch said it was a heart attack."

"I know. This is dreadfully unprofessional of me, but it wasn't that, really. The medical examiner came—"

"And what did he say?" Bud asked.

"They think she died of sunburn."

"Well, why did the woman stay so long in the sun?" Bud asked. "Didn't she know she was burning herself to a cinder?"

"That's the trouble," Polly said wretchedly. "That's what makes me feel so dreadful. You see, she didn't sleep last night; at least, she said she didn't."

I remembered something then and began to be a little frightened.

"Well, what is there in that to get you down?" Bud asked.

"You see, she rang the bell for me at six this morning and asked for a sedative."

"And you gave her an overdose!"

Now don't worry, my good girl. Jeffrey is a genius at getting people out of jams."

I thought, "Not such a jam as this seems to be developing into," but I had no time to say it even had I been brutal enough, because the girl was disclaiming the overdose.

She said: "No, I didn't, absolutely. I've been taught to be most scrupulously careful with sedatives in the first place, and in the second I can't give any without Doctor Burch's order."

"So he gave her an overdose!" Bud exclaimed. "Then that let's you out."

"Nobody gave anybody an overdose," she insisted. "Please, I must explain it. She rang for me at six this morning and said that she hadn't slept a wink all the night. She demanded a sedative, as I say, and although I told her, and she knew perfectly well, that I couldn't give it to her without authority, she insisted."

"She was dreadfully disagreeable, and made such a fuss that I thought she would wake everybody else up. So I went off—and I'm ashamed to admit it."

"Don't be," I said. "I'm sure that whatever you did you thought was the only thing to do under the circumstances."

"Well, it was. I went into the bathroom and got a glass of water and put a little soap and bicarbonate and aromatic ammonia in it and brought it back and gave it to her. I pretended I had asked Doctor Burch for permission to give a sedative."

"Was that all you gave her?" I asked.

"Yes, absolutely."

Bud was amused. He laughed and said: "But if that's all, for heaven's sake, why worry? I thought you had slipped her a dose of cyanide by mistake at the very least. I think you've derailed your sense of proportion."

"But I haven't," she said. "You see, the trouble is that Mrs. Vinson told one of the maids I had given her a sedative at six o'clock. She came down late to breakfast and she told the maid that as sort of an explanation for oversleeping. You know how huffy they get here if one is late for meals. Mrs. Vinson said, putting it off on me, that I had given her the sedative and she had overslept. In fact, she said she thought I had given her an overdose."

"I was at the table in the corner and I heard her say it. I was furious at the time, because it's just the sort of thing that mustn't be said about you if you're a nurse. It could ruin your career. And now the medical examiner and all are wondering if Mrs. Vinson did fall asleep on the roof, and, if she did, why she slept so soundly. It's pretty awful, I think."

"She was in my room here," I said, "this morning, and we had quite a talk. As she was leaving she said that she was sleepy. She yawned, too. She did say something about a sedative."

"But if you only gave her soapy water with bicarbonate and aromatic ammonia in it," Bud said, "it couldn't possibly have made her sleep, and, anyway, I don't believe that anything would have after all those hours. What time was the woman here, Anne?"

"Nearly half-past eleven, I think."

"Then it would have worked off."

"But I never gave her anything to work off!" Polly Smith declared desperately.

I poured her another cup of tea, and Bud took it to her.

I said, "But, my dear, after all, what in the world is worrying you?"

"What the maid will say," she said.

"The maid will tell. She'll remember what Mrs. Vinson told her, and Doctor Burch will know that I didn't ask for permission, and although I can say that all I gave her was soapy water and bicarbonate and aromatic ammonia, still it will be only my own word. Nobody will believe me."

"Anne and Jeffrey and I will believe you," Bud said, "and that's as good as a jury."

But I wasn't so sure. It didn't look any too well. I felt uneasy and wished that Jeffrey were here. Still, I told the poor dear that there was nothing in the world for her to worry about, and then one of the maids came up to the door and said that Doctor Burch wanted her, even before she had finished her tea.

Animal Antics



"Well, well... it's a small world."

It was when she had left the room that I crossed to the window and looked out.

Jeffrey's new blue roadster was standing in front of the garage.

Wondering why he had not come up at once to see me, I dreamed quickly and went downstairs. It was before fifteen or twenty minutes before dinner, and nobody was about. I heard voices coming from Doctor Burch's study, and going there found Doctor Burch, Jeffrey, and Doctor Otis standing at the door just about to go in and sit down.

Jeffrey took it quite for granted that I should come in with them, although Doctor Burch was obviously anxious to keep me out.

"This is all rather unpleasant, Anne," Doctor Burch said. "I should like to spare you the details."

"I don't need to be spared," I told him, and sat down on a couch beside Jeffrey.

"Is the autopsy completed?" Jeffrey asked.

"Yes," Doctor Otis said.

"And what was the result?" Doctor Burch asked.

"Nothing was found. Death was due to extensive edema and erythema on the parts of the body exposed to the sun."

"How about poisons?" I found myself asking. "I mean any overdose of a sleeping powder or anything?"

"There was no reason to investigate for that, Mrs. McNeill," Otis said, as if I were being rather bothersome.

But Jeffrey backed me up. He said, "But was the gastro-intestinal tract analyzed for poison?"

"As a matter of fact, it was. The result was negative."

"Then exactly what, may I ask, did Mrs. Vinson die of?" I asked.

"Sunburn," Doctor Burch said.

"Briefly, sunburn."

"It wasn't sunstroke?" I asked.

"No, not sunstroke," Doctor Otis said. He looked troubled.

Jeffrey asked, "How long was Mrs. Vinson on the roof?"

"Nobody seems to know exactly when she went out," Doctor Burch answered.

"I know," I told them. "She was in my room talking to me between eleven and half-past. She went out at about half-past eleven."

"How did she seem then?" Jeffrey asked.

"Just as usual. She talked about various things, and then she went on into the attic and on to the roof. She was taking out a glass of tomato juice. There couldn't have been anything in that, could there, that had a bad effect on her?"

The men couldn't convict the tomato juice of complicity.

Jeffrey asked, "Did anybody see her out on the roof?"

"Not to my knowledge," Doctor Burch told him. "She was there alone all morning."

Now, that seemed a little strange to me. I myself had seen him running up the stairs in a state of agitation, saying that he was going to talk with her, that a man had a right to protect his own interests. Still, if he had forgotten, I did not feel that this was the moment to remind him.

To be continued

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Ask him to sing your favourite songs.

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KOMMONSENSE KITCHEN KLUB



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As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

SCORPIONS, Cancerians, and Pisceans should make a big effort to achieve desired goals, favors, and changes during the coming days, for their stars are helpful just now.

The movements of the Moon favor general good fortune for the majority of people, felicity in domestic life, and an increase in romances.

Virgoans and Capricornians should benefit, Taurians should avoid losses, partings, upsets, and Lemnians and Aquarians should dodge obstacles, delays, worries.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review of the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Plan immediately ahead; big improvements soon. Meanwhile, November 18 excellent for setting foundations of hoped-for gains in the next few weeks. November 19 (afternoon) and November 20 (to 9 a.m. and near noon) fair.

TAURUS (April 20 to May 21): Take no chances. Watch over friendships and possessions, actions, and speech to avoid loss and separations. Especially on November 20, and near dawn and sunset November 21, November 22 and 19 noon.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Get semi-important matters in hand on November 19, November 19, afternoon, or November 20, before 9 a.m. or near noon.

CANCER (June 22 to July 21): Finalize important projects quickly. November 17, dawn to midnight, November 18, to early evening, November 20, to 9 a.m., and near noon, all very good. November 17, dusk, look gains, favors, changes.

LEO (July 22 to August 24): Things improve after November 23, but meanwhile continue to live quietly, and avoid changes, quarrels. Especially November 20 and 21, and possibly November 19 and 18.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Get urgent matters completed on November 17 (best), November 18, November 19, before 8 a.m., or November 21, before 8 p.m. Then live quietly for several weeks.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): November 18, November 20, to 9 a.m. and near noon, and November 21, to 9 p.m., all quite helpful for semi-important matters.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 21): Don't waste a moment of November 17. Excellent for seeking promotion, gain, favors, changes. November 22 good to mid-evening. November 16 very fair after sunrise.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22 to December 21): Opportunities right ahead, so plan well and work hard now and for the next few weeks. November 17 and November 18 very fair for getting plans in motion. November 19, afternoon, November 20, to 9 a.m. and near noon, November 21, from dawn to mid-evening, excellent.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): November 18, sunrise to dusk; November 20, to 8 a.m. and near noon, both very helpful. November 20, noon to dusk, fair.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 18): A difficult week for unwise Aquarians, so caution and good temper advised. Especially on November 20, early 31 and on November 21, November 18 and 19 can be fine too. Improvements soon.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Make most good use of November 17. Excellent for seeking or achieving desired gains, changes, favors. November 18 helpful. November 19 very fair. November 20 to 8 a.m. and near noon. November 21 helpful to sunset; thereafter live quietly for some weeks.

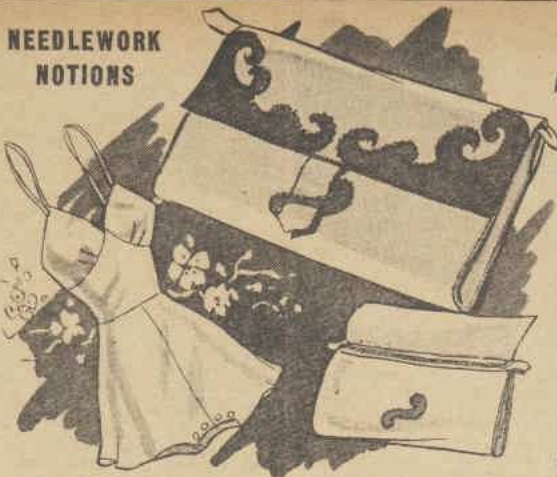
(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"Oh, we're not fighting now, Mummy, we're just trying to separate each other."

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



ATTRACTIVE HANDBAG IN FELT

Cut out ready to stitch together and applique, in beige, is this very handy felt handbag. Shades available: Emerald-green, brilliant red, navy-blue, saxe-blue, royal-blue, honey-brown. Note: Light beige applique accessories every chosen color. Instructions for making bag are supplied with the felt. Price complete, 8/6 plus postage 41d. Ask for No. 425.

DAINTY CAMIKNICKERS

The pattern is traced very clearly on a good-quality washable satin, in lovely shades of ivory, magnolia, lemon, green, pink, blue, all ready for you to cut and sew. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 12/11 and 8 coupons. Plus postage 51d. Sizes 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 14/11 and 8 coupons. Plus postage 51d. Please ask for No. 424.

F94—Tiny kicking feet will never grow cold in this nightgown with drawstring hem. To fit babies 12 to 18 months. Requires 1 1/2 yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F94



Fashion Frocks Service

NEIL. COOL LITTLE FROCK IN SILK. Made in a new material of the crocodile-chin type, this little frock is ideal for town or country wear all through summer. The material is a lightweight, hangs well, and is washable. The design is conventional, and the shades feature LIME-GREEN, PRUNE-PINK, HEAVEN-BLUE, and SWEET LEMON. Each decorated with contrast motifs. Ready to Make: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 55/11 (13 coupons), plus 1/8yd. material. Sizes 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 59/11 (13 coupons), plus 1/8yd. material. CUT OUT ONLY: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 49/6 (13 coupons), plus 1/8yd. material. Sizes 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 53/11 (13 coupons), plus 1/8yd. material. How to obtain "Neil." In N.W.W. obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 349333, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page. When ordering, please give height, hip, and bust measurements.

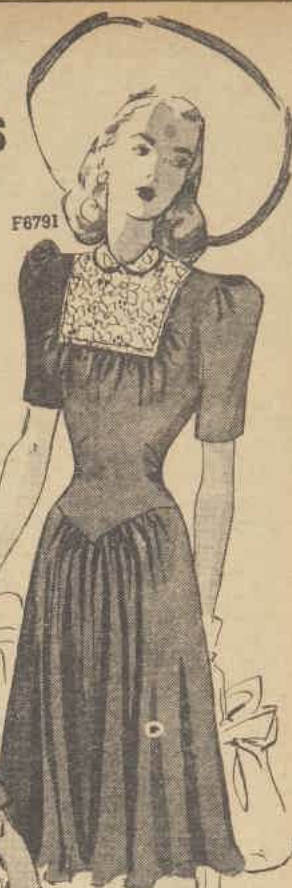
Fashion PATTERNS

F6791—Charmingly designed form-fitting frock featuring lace yoke and tiny collar. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4 1/2 yds. and 1yd. lace, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F1678—Elegant style for a smart black frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4 1/2 yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

DON'T be disappointed if your needlework order doesn't reach you by return post. Under present conditions delays are unavoidable. You can be sure your order will be despatched as soon as possible.

F1678



F6791



F2335—Smart swim-suit with braided top. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4 yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2335

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Available for one month only from date of issue.

TWO OVERALLS and a BOILER SUIT for the 2 to 6 year-olds.

No. 1: Material required, 1 1/2 yds., 36ins. wide.

No. 2: Material required, 1 yd., 36ins. wide.

No. 3: Material required, 2 1/2 yds., 36ins. wide.



PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children, state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue; 2d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed.

Send your order to "Pattern Department" to the address in your State, as under:

Box 338A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne. Box 4315, G.P.O., Perth. Box 4587, G.P.O., Sydney. Box 469F, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle. Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.

N.E.: Box 4688, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME STREET SUBURB TOWN STATE SIZE Pattern Coupon, 20/11/43.

F2336—Designed specially to grace the fuller figure. Exceedingly smart. Sizes 38 to 44in. bust. Requires 4 1/2 yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.



LEAVING ST. MARK'S. Lieut. Frank Thomlinson, U.S. Army, and his bride, Betty Spring, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Spring, of Toorak, Melbourne.

On and Off DUTY.

A LETTER from General MacArthur thanking him for the services he rendered to troops in New Guinea area is received by Reverend J. D. Bodger, who has just come down from New Guinea and is staying with relatives, Mrs. Macdonald Holmes and her husband, who is Professor of Geography at Sydney University.

For 15 years he has been headmaster of St. Paul's Mission School at Dogura, 70 miles from Milne Bay.

Thousands of Australian and American troops have availed themselves of hospitality of mission, and spent short leave periods at Mr. Bodger's house. "I gave them hot baths and plenty to eat, and the houseboys did their laundry."

"I used to take the boys for rambles round the mission and point out native plants that could be used for food if ever they got lost. Just recently when I was in Melbourne I ran into an A.I.F. sergeant who told me knowledge he gained while staying at the mission saved his life in the jungle."

SUM of £550 raised by Scots College St. Andrew's Day Fair. Women's committee who organise fête decide to devote portion of money towards a bursary fund which will be established for sons of returned servicemen who were old boys of the school.

Fête is held in preparatory school grounds, and is crowded with schoolboys who find Mrs. N. J. Storey's hot-dog stand main attraction.

Mrs. Jack Cassidy sells tickets for magician's corner, and Mrs. L. Snider is in charge of the ball game.

Among gifts for sale are tiny polished-wood boomerangs sent from Northern Queensland by Mr. A. McBride, whose son, Garth, is a pupil at the school.

SUM of £158 raised by Wentworthville Comforts Fund from baby contest, which is won by Johnny Sparkes, whose mother is on the teaching staff of Wentworthville Public School.

Education Minister Clive Evatt attends dance at Masonic Hall, where results of competition are announced.



JUST ENGAGED. Lyle, only daughter of Mr. H. H. Mason, K.C., and Mrs. Mason, of Darling Point, and Captain Hubert Shaw Whitham, A.I.F., only child of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Whitham, of Sydney.



HOLLYWOOD STAR GARY COOPER attends reception given in his honor by American Consul in Brisbane, Mr. J. P. Ragland, and Mrs. Ragland at their home. Is photographed with Tom Cleveland (left), Mrs. Ragland, her daughter Frances, and son Private Joseph Ragland.

PRIZES for an "Austerity Table Decoration" feature of Allied Soldiers' Club Women's Auxiliary plans for Christmas party at White City on November 27.

Secretary Loy Eckhold tells me committee are making this their big effort for the year.

TWIN diamonds in a square setting in engagement ring for Allie Joan Boyd, who announces her engagement to fifth year medical student Ross Wilson Hawker.

Allie is the younger daughter of the late Mr. V. Boyd and Mrs. C. Deacon, of Sydney, and her fiancé is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Wilson Hawker, of Quirindi, who came down to Sydney to celebrate the engagement.

POPULAR president of 2/7th Armored Regiment Comforts Fund Younger Set, Roma Wilkinson, announces her engagement to Leading Writer John James Sugrue, R.A.N.

Roma, who is the elder daughter of Mrs. G. E. Wilkinson, of Dulwich Hill, is wearing her mother's engagement ring until her fiancé obtains leave, and they can buy one together. Roma and her fiancé, who is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. D. Sugrue, of Fremantle, W.A., plan to be married as soon as he can obtain leave.

WEARING her fiancé's fraternity ring until he comes on leave to buy an engagement ring is Nan Watson, who announces her engagement to Captain Robert Milton Daggett, U.S. Air Corps.

Nan is the third daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. William Watson, of Drysdale, Victoria, and her fiancé is the fourth son of the late Mr. William Van Daggett and of Mrs. Daggett, of Athens, Ohio.



COSTUMES. Mme. Helene Kirsova (centre) demonstrates tilt of French sailor's hat on puppet Helen Black, when Arrows Club hostesses (back) Julie Thornton, Nell Backhouse, and (right) Betty Dean ask for loan of costumes for their "Nautical Night," on November 26. Mary McCarthy and Patricia Allison (kneeling) will take part in Kirsova ballet, which opens December 17, at Conservatorium.

Interesting People

SIR IVEN MACKAY

... India
APPOINTED Australia's first High Commissioner to India. Lieut.-General Sir Iven Mackay declares: "My appointment is a tribute to officers and men with whom I have served in this war." Relinquishes command of 2nd Australian Army to take up new post. Commanded A.I.F. Sixth Division in Middle East. Was knighted for division's brilliant campaign in Cyrenaica. Is personal friend of India's new Viceroy, Lord Wavell.



MATRON MARY DUTTON

... unceasing devotion
FOR outstanding devotion to duty under most primitive and trying active service conditions. R.A.A.F. nurse Matron Mary Dutton, South Australia, has been mentioned in dispatches. In area subjected to many enemy bombing raids she worked unceasingly for comfort of sick and wounded. Was in charge of most advanced nurse-staffed Service hospital in Australia's northern area. Is now matron R.A.A.F. hospital, N.S.W.



SIR ANDREW CUNNINGHAM

... A.B.C. of Fleet
BRITAIN'S new First Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Staff, Sir Andrew Browne Cunningham — nicknamed A.B.C. by Fleet — is her greatest active naval leader. His victories as commander of Mediterranean Fleet were epic naval battles. Is now responsible for Empire's war at sea in all parts of globe, including Pacific Ocean, expected to be scene of greatest sea war in history.



CATHEDRAL WEDDING. Lieut. John Flatley and his bride, Nurse Helen Dolan, are congratulated after their marriage by Father W. A. Heffernan, cousin of the bridegroom, who performs ceremony.



MOTHER AND DAUGHTER. Mrs. J. G. Purves and her daughter Valerie are among Cup Week racegoers at Flemington.



Movie World

• A SCENE from MGM's harum-scarum musical, "Du Barry Was a Lady," adapted from the sensational Broadway hit. Lucille Ball is the streamlined charmer who has Red Skelton thinking he's Louis XV, and this film, as well as marking Lucille's debut under

her new, long-term MGM contract, is her first appearance in technicolor. She is seen here in one of the elaborate period gowns from the film, and is wearing the famous "feather" wig, specially designed for her by studio hair stylist.

LUCKY DIPS



Here are some notions tried and true. Some of 'em old and some of 'em new.

Ladies, take your pick . . .

R.234.2.

1. When is a tie not a tie? When it's a button! Why not wear contrasting buttons on suit or dress covered with pieces cut from hubby's worn-out tie? You can even use part of an old tie for a false pocket-handkerchief for your suit.



2. When the "frig." breaks down, keep meat under a wire cover and over it spread a cloth, wrung out in cold water. Arrange a small bowl of water on each side, and allow the ends to dangle in them.

3. How long since you gave your foundation garments a dip? They need frequent washing this warm weather. And you won't find anything safer than Pearsil.

4. Remove rain spots, etc., from your felt hat by steaming it now and then. Smooth it into shape as it dries. If you keep it on a cupboard shelf, lay it upside down so that there's no pressure to spoil the line of the brim. P.S.: Sew a small piece of oil-silk between lining and hat to prevent perspiration soaking through.



5. How good are you at washing rayons? You'll get full marks if you use cool water and Pearsil. Its busy fairy-like aids are kind to the most delicate fabrics. They wheedle out every speck of dirt without the hard rubbing that wear rayons out.



1 WHEN HOLLAND is occupied, shipbuilder Jaap van Leyden (Ralph Richardson) is ordered by Gestapo head Esmond Knight to build submarines for the Nazis.



2 INSPIRED by a story recounted by his small son, van Leyden decides to pretend to co-operate with the Germans.



4 WHEN the completed submarine is sabotaged, thirty hostages are ordered to be shot, but van Leyden intervenes.



3 THE TOWNSPEOPLE, fully convinced that van Leyden is a traitor, ignore his wife, Helene (Google Withers).



5 PLANNING to sabotage the second submarine, van Leyden invites Nazis to a dinner party on board.

Foundations of Health

A CONTRIBUTION BY BERLEI TO BETTER LIVING



TRAINING THE CHILD MIND

Psychologists teach us that, because the basis of life is a struggle for survival and security, the most powerful instinct is that of self-preservation. They also emphasise that a person's life pattern is formed during the years of infancy.

Milton anticipated this when he wrote—"The childhood shows the man, as morning shows the day"; and, later, Alexander Pope, who declared—"Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

The responsibility rests, of course, with parents. Their training of the child determines his future attitude and reaction to life and society—whether he will become a "fight" type or a "flight" type.

Importance of Normalcy

The chief task before the parent is the development in her child of a balanced mentality. Her duty, if she looks forward to being the mother of a well-adjusted being, is to modify the infant's inherent and dominating instinct for self-preservation; to help him to think of himself (a) as one in a family of other beings, and (b) as a unit among many other units, who combine to live as a community.

Infant Maladjustment

Of all creatures there is none quite so helpless as the human child. A baby animal is able to fend for itself at any early age. But the human child is utterly dependent upon its elders for some years after birth. The child whose mind is dominated by that of an over-assertive mother may never develop sufficient self-reliance to cut adrift from her apron strings. In such unfortunate cases, one sees the "flight" types, who never become mentally quite mature.

Some parents do not appreciate their child's intelligence. The child is continually subjected to unfavourable comparisons with other children. In these cases you have the background of the over-sensitive, introverted person.

The other side of the picture shows the "apollon" child, who grows up having had his own way all along the line. He, rather than submit to the discipline of school, will go progressively from bad to worse—because his mother loved him a little too much.

The Unmanageable Child

There is one type of too-ambitious parents who set up a standard of behaviour far too high for the child either to understand or achieve. The youngster is expected to be as well-mannered as his parents and their circle of friends; never to be untidy, forgetful or destructive, always to adjust himself to situations too difficult for one of his years to appreciate. In spite of every apparent advantage, and good and intelligent parents, the child grows up handicapped by a feeling of inferiority.

The opposite to such parents are those who always think their child is too young to be trained. They deny him any intelligence or sense until it is too late to influence him. He becomes so unmanageable that they begin to fear the little wretch is abnormal. That is often the background of the person whose lack of self-control makes him a social liability.

Background of the Misfit

Then there are the parents—themselves of the "intelligentsia"—who assume that their child is gifted with the divine fire of genius. They bore their friends to tears by recounting in detail all the clever things their offspring utters. When this poor infant is suddenly thrust face to face with reality in the guise of school mates, he is apt to be treated as a self-opinionated little prig. He is likely to grow into an "egocentric," afraid to face a cold, unsympathetic world.

The second part of this article will appear in next week's issue of this journal. Watch for it.

Berlei

TRUE-TO-TYPE FOUNDATIONS

The Silver Fleet

A NEWSPAPER cutting which described the dramatic story of how a U-boat had been seized and brought to England by Dutch members of a trial crew was the origin of "The Silver Fleet," exciting new GED film.

The Royal Netherlands Government—and particularly Prince Bernhard, who mentioned the idea to President Roosevelt during a trip to the States—were keenly interested in a film on the subject.

From refugee sources, Lieut. Vernon Sewell, R.N.V.R., uncovered this thrilling "underground" story. Lieut.-Commander Ralph Richardson, of the Fleet Air Arm, was specially released by the Admiralty to play the leading role and take a hand in the production.

One of the most remarkable performances comes from Esmond Knight, blinded hero of this war—he was blown up by a shell during the action against the Bismarck—who superbly plays the important role of Gestapo chief.

Careers for GIRLS & LADIES

Here is YOUR Opportunity to help fill the places being vacated by men. STOTT'S can prepare you—successfully—in the privacy of YOUR OWN HOME. Without any obligation whatsoever. SEND THE COUPON for particulars of any of the following courses:

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Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should give out two pounds of liquid bile daily or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes three good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3. ...



RECORDS to-day are playing an increasingly important part in the entertainment of the fighting Services, and they are also required in considerable quantities for other essential purposes.

Although our production is extended to its utmost we have found it impossible to satisfy both the essential demands and the greatly increased requirements of the general public.

If, therefore, your Dealer is unable to supply every record you want, we ask you to be patient and understanding—he is doing his best under difficult conditions.



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HOMEBUSH

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It can't happen here...

Of course, there's not a lavish abundance of anything . . . except the willingness to sacrifice and do without . . .

. . . but there's enough clothing for all

if each of us realises the necessity of taking the greatest care of our clothes. You'll lend wings to Victory by making

time regularly to give first aid and home nursing to your

ageing frocks and undies and not so young hats and shoes.

So here's health to your clothes! And remember

- ... you should make a periodical overhaul of your wardrobe and give prompt attention to split seams, loose buttons, torn linings and slipping hems.
- ... do not allow garments to remain soiled. Treat a stained dress as you would appendicitis—the sooner attended to the better.
- ... you will prolong the life of your delicate stockings and undies by careful laundering at home.
- ... when age begins to tell with hats give them a spring tonic by having them reblocked and trimmed.
- ... wet shoes must be treed or stuffed with paper and dried away from direct heat.
- ... seats of skirts and dresses will keep wonderfully shapely if frequently pressed with a wet cloth and hot iron.
- ... above all, carefully nurse your precious Spectators, like the treasures they are and give them a holiday occasionally. Clothes worn day after day wear out sooner.

Presented by **LUCAS** makers of

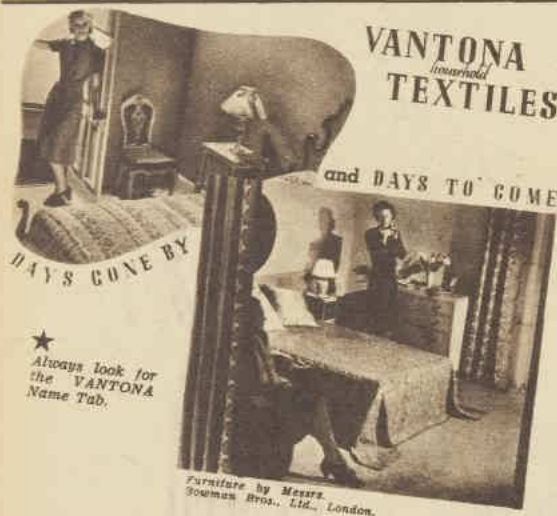


Our looms have already produced practically a million yards of mosquito netting which the Lucas girls have made up into hundreds of thousands of head veils and mosquito-proof tents for the lads up North, so our Spectator production isn't what it used to be . . . but every Lucas store, large or small, near or far, is getting a fair share . . . so thanks for understanding and let's all Keep Buying War Bonds Till The Axis Bites The Dust.

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Always LOOK
FOR THE NAME
MORLEY
ON UNDERWEAR



It seems a long time since you were able to pick and choose from that grand variety of designs and colours in which VANTONA "Court" Bedcovers are woven. What a delight . . . and what a difference they made to your bedrooms!

You will now be appreciating their wonderful qualities of endurance, despite the additional wash and wear. Some day soon, we hope, you will be able to replenish all your VANTONA textiles for the home to your heart's content.

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Keep fit
for your war work

Lady Ruth

PRACTICAL FRONT
CORSET

You will not tire so quickly when your more muscular areas are supported by a well-fitting corset. So take care of your "Lady Ruth."

Prolong the life of your
Charm
Underlift
Brassiere

When properly adjusted its uplift helps to lessen fatigue.

SHE smiled. "You'll very soon see. But the drink first." She turned and slipped a hand under his arm, urging him towards familiar iron gates.

"About your bomb," he began, "I thought you stayed too well below ground."

"Direct hit on the station," she said briefly, "the fire-station, you know."

"And you were—?"

"On the telephone. Now I'm recuperating. I'm a fraud, really, but, oh, the heaven of not living to a time-table for a bit!"

He stopped. "Do you mind telling me," he said carefully, "if—well, if it's Heaven we're in?"

Her fingers tightened in a momentary pressure. "So you know it's your village? Well, it's real enough. And so are we. That's not the explanation."

He heaved a great sigh and came down to earth: "Then I've got to telephone."

He paused on the steps as they came out of the house after putting through his report: "Isn't there a lake?" His tone held disappointment.

"There was once a pond," she smiled, "where the Dutch garden is. But don't worry, you won't find the village very much changed."

The cottage gates, just as he had known them, stood open to the green.

"We'll visit the church," said Katherine lightly but with a catch in her voice. "All proper visitors to an English village see the church."

Obediently he followed her. As he did so a startled robin flew from a flat-topped tomb.

As the heavy church door creaked open, he realised that, not unnatur-

ally, his adventures had never led him in here. The dim light revealed delicate arches and the curved screen of a chapel, but it was the recumbent stone figures, each in its wall recess, that drew him forward.

"Philippa Andreden . . . she died young," read Katherine softly.

The high-bred face and tapering hands of the slight figure in its fluted stone draperies were still perfect.

"She's like you." Unconsciously Grant hushed his voice to the ancient stillness of the place.

"Family likenesses persist. It's mostly the nose. None of us miss that." She paused, but, as he said nothing, moved on to an alabaster plaque upon the wall:

"This is the quaintest."

It was a little kneeling procession in stiff Carolinian robes, with three small cradles bringing up the rear. On each pillow lay a tiny, round head, but on two of the coverlets a skull.

"Gyles Andreden and Katherine his wife." Her finger traced the worn inscription. "Nine children hadde they—" but, see the skulls in their hands, only four grew up, a fair average then. Now this wild lad," her finger moved to the third cradle, "fled to Virginia in Cromwell's day, and was never heard of more." Without waiting for comment now, she turned and led Grant into the chapel:

"He is our show piece."

He lay, magnificent on his tomb. The imperious eagle profile was

"ONLY two more days," John said, "and we'll be back in uniform. Sorry?"

"No," she answered with sudden viciousness, "I'm very glad."

It was too much to bear, this daily nearness, this shared work and shared relaxation under the same roof. She couldn't keep her bargain at all if it went on much longer.

The next morning Mrs. Willoughby went into market with trusted chickens in a capacious basket.

"There's a cold lunch all laid ready," she added, "and you can manage tea."

They managed tea. Barbara helped the children to lay the table and do the washing up. And then Mrs. Willoughby telephoned. John happened to answer the phone.

"She's missed the bus home," he announced when he came back. "She won't arrive now until after ten."

"Never mind," said Mr. Willoughby. "Barbara will prepare the supper."

"Of course," Barbara said. She couldn't say anything else. It hadn't occurred to Mr. Willoughby that she might not know how to set about getting their supper. And the helpful children who knew where everything was had gone to bed.

"Can you manage?" John asked.

"Certainly," she told him coldly.

She went into the kitchen. They cooked by oil, and after a struggle she succeeded in lighting the stove. They were to have sausages and bacon. Mrs. Willoughby had said, and coffee and bread and cheese.

It didn't sound difficult, Barbara thought.

But she wasn't used to oil stoves. She left the sausages gently sizzling while she went to fetch the cheese from the larder outside the back door. When she got back to the kitchen she thought for a moment that the whole place was on fire.

"John!" she screamed. "John! Come quickly! Help—oh, heavens!"

John and Mr. Willoughby dashed in. "Quick, John, I've set the kitchen on fire!" Barbara cried helplessly. Some time later she remembered that Mr. Willoughby had been smiling.

They got the burning frying-pan off the stove and into the sink. They turned out the oil and John beat at the flames with the door-mat. The whole room was filled with blue smoke and the reek of burning fat.

Barbara burst into tears.

"No harm done," said Mr. Willoughby comfortably. "You can open a tin of something and we'll have that instead." Still smiling, he went back to the sitting-room.

"Barbara," John said.

"I'm sorry—I'm a perfect fool."

"Do you know what you did just now? You asked me to help you," he said slowly.

"It didn't mean to. Only I thought

American Eagle

Continued from page 7

surely familiar. . . . Yet the knights riding through that long-ago dream had no such lord.

"You recognise him?" urged Katherine.

Grant passed a hand across his forehead. "No. Yet that face—"

"Andreden—Enderton," she prompted softly. "Not an impos-

sible change over a few hundred years. I saw it—from the beginning."

He tried to speak. His eyes on the warrior of another age. "When did he—?"

"The Crusades," she said; "see, his feet are crossed."

"And you think—?"

"That he has handed on his spirit as well as his face. . . . Oh, I've known every line of him too long not to recognise him in the flesh."

Grant's lips tightened to control the conflict of emotions. He was American, he looked to the future. But, all around, the dim centuries of unbroken tradition encompassed him, claiming him, a last son of the ancient house that had called him home. In New York it might be fantastic. Here, in this unknown corner of England, amid those who had loved and fought for it through history, he felt the power of this beloved land to rouse her sons to her need and bring them from the four corners of the world.

A flutter of bat's wings in the roof shadows and Grant stirred:

"I can't talk here among the ancestors. They make me feel raw."

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WHEN they were outside, he added: "And you made me feel raw. I didn't like you—Cousin Katherine."

She smiled. "That was obvious."

"And you resented my likeness to him?"

"Naturally. He's meant so much to me always. . . . No, to be honest—it was being thrown at the heads of rich Americans."

"You needn't have worried," he returned with unconscious arrogance. "I'm used to it."

She shook with laughter.

They sat on the flat tombstone in the last of the afternoon sun, with a gleam of the river before them and the sound of a horse cropping grass beyond.

Presently, "How do you account for it?" said Grant.

"I don't." Katherine's voice was serene. "It just seems too right not to be true. Perhaps it was Great-aunt Katherine. Perhaps you just—remembered England, little Cune, were in peril. So Andreden came home. . . . Don't laugh, Philistine!"

"I don't," Grant was himself again. "Katherine." She met his eyes gravely. "You walked in and took possession even when I tried to keep you out. You've stayed there—where you'll always stay. Can you forgive an American for having his face?"

Her eyes misted: "I've adored him all my life, you know. And no other. . . . And now I've got you badly mixed—"

Since they were so still, the robin, an inquisitive bird, came back to his stone.

(Copyright)

Girl for the Duration

Continued from page 2

the whole place was on fire. It looked like it," she said defensively.

"You've never asked me to help you before. You've always been so blooming independent—"

"That was what you wanted me to be, wasn't it?"

"Only at the very beginning," John said.

"We made a bargain," she reminded him.

"Oh, I know, and I've remembered it bitterly. That time when my plane crashed—do you know what I thought? I'd only one regret. That I'd wasted so much time being independent and off-hand with you when I might—I might—"

But then I knew it wasn't fair. We'd agreed not to let ourselves get swept away because we were living an unfamiliar life."

Through the subsiding smoke Barbara stared at him.

"It wasn't the unfamiliar life that did it," she whispered. "When we were both in uniform I could stand it. It was when we came here—when we began to live a civilian life again, when we did the things we might do together after the war—then I couldn't stand it."

"Barbara—Barbara—darling—you too—"

"Yes, John, me too."

"But your work? And we shouldn't have much money," he reminded her.

"Blow my work and blow the money," Barbara said firmly. "I've had enough independence to last me a lifetime."

"Girl for the duration," John said, holding out his arms. "But—wife for after the war."

(Copyright)

MUM is quick and harmless

... only the least dab is needed



Even a fastidious girl risks offending if she trusts a bath alone to keep her sweet. A bath takes care only of past perspiration; it can't prevent odour to come—but MUM can! Underarms always need

Mum's sure care, to give the all-day freshness that makes a girl popular.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOUR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

G2711

Redheads cannot be bronze beauties

By MEDICO

JUDY TRACY rang late last night—"Can you tell me what to do for sunburnt legs, Doctor?" she asked. "I went fishing with Dad to-day, and now I can hardly walk."

I could imagine just how badly Judy was burnt. She's

one of those redheads who will never tan. I advised her to put tannic acid jelly on her legs, and, failing that, to use cold compresses of strong tea.

I often feel sorry for the redheads; they will never develop the skin pigment which constitutes

"tan" and protects the skin from burning.

Blondes also have to go slowly. But they will develop a tan if they are very careful and tan wisely.

As for the brunettes, they are the lucky ones, and will develop a deep tan in a few days. However, they have to be careful, too.

If you want a nice tan when you return from your holidays, start before you go. When you come home from work, don the sun-suit and do some gardening. This will help your skin to adjust itself to the sun's rays. By the time you are ready to leave, you will have developed a protective tan, and there will be nothing to stop your sun-bathing.

I am often asked if coconut oil

SUNSHINE is necessary and beneficial to the body. But, like all good things, it comes in small packets. "I've seen many a holiday spoilt by severe sunburn," says "Medico." "So remember this: A burn from the sun can be as painful as one from a fire."

is any help. Well, a liberal coating may help the thin-skinned, as it serves as a filter to the burning rays of the sun. However, skins vary so much that what suits one person may not suit another. Many a blistered back has found this out.

If you do get "caught," apply tannic acid jelly liberally over the whole area. This not only soothes the skin, but in twenty-four hours your sunburn will be converted into a coat of tan. If you haven't any jelly, use very strong, well-drawn tea.

But, if you take my advice, you will do your tanning without tears. Our climate is a healthy one, and there is such a thing as sunshine sanity.

YOUR BABY—

Safety rules for summer

By Our Mothercraft Nurse

DURING the summer, and especially towards the end of the summer after spells of prolonged heat, it is a well-known fact that bodily resistance becomes lowered. It is then that a baby is more likely to fall a victim to an invasion of disease germs that cause the dread gastro-enteritis—or summer diarrhoea.

Certain precautions, however, which every mother should observe, will minimise the amount of risk for her baby.

A leaflet giving some of the rules to observe during the summer months has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and will be forwarded to you if a request, with a stamped addressed envelope, is sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft"

IF YOU'RE BLONDE or brunette you can lie in the sun and acquire bronze loveliness. But for redheads—long sleeves, slacks, and shady hats are their order for the sun after swimming or surfing.

Dahlia culture

● Few flowers provide more dazzling color and brightness than dahlias—and now is the time to plant sprouted tubers in cool districts.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER.

IN warmer districts tubers can be planted now in order to develop sprouts. They will flower well in March-April.

The appeal made by Charm dahlias increases every year. There is something about these miniatures that makes them far more attractive to the woman gardener than the bigger, grosser-growing types.

At the same time, all dahlias are beautiful according to their respective standards. The ground should be prepared well ahead for all dahlias, and must be deeply dug and well enriched with decayed manure.

If preparation has been neglected, lime the soil well, dig over at once, and use equal parts of bonedust and superphosphate.

When planting tubers, place them so that the sprouted point is from 1 in. to 2 ins. below the surface, and plant the tubers themselves on their sides—not upright.

Use 1 in. square 6 ft. stakes for tall varieties, and 3 ft. 6 ins. to 4 ft. for miniature types. Put the stakes in position before planting, and tie the stems up as they develop.

The application to the plant of a double handful of a well-balanced mixture of superphosphate, bonedust, sulphate of ammonia, and potash about flowering time will be found beneficial.



NOT ONLY DO DAHLIAS make a dazzling show in the garden, but for indoor decoration they are superb. Burn or scald ends of stems before putting into bowls or vases.



MAKE BOVRIL
GO A LONG WAY



Use a little less than usual and be sure to rinse out the bottle so as not to waste any. Supplies of Bovril are very much restricted just now, owing to war-time difficulties. Please be economical with it; Bovril is so concentrated that the barest minimum gives ample flavour and goodness.

RUB OUT
PAIN
this
easy way



In cases which do not quickly respond to Iodex treatment—see your Doctor.

FROM YOUR CHEMIST
PRICE 2/-

IN CASES OF
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RHEUMATIC TWINGES
AND STRAINED MUSCLES

IODEX gives
Quick Relief.

The value of Iodex has been proved in thousands of cases. Owing its potency to its great penetrating power, Iodex, gently massaged into the affected part, goes right to the seat of the trouble, reducing inflammation, congestion, and quickly easing pain.

IODEX
NO-STAIN IODINE

Encouragement



A woman feels better—works better if she is sure her appearance is "right." That is why so many women in the Services and those engaged in War Work maintain their good looks and give themselves psychological encouragement by using—sparingly—

paul Duval

PERSONALIZED
COSMETICS

OBTAINABLE AT EXCLUSIVE STORES
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* BOOKS AND MAGAZINES FOR THE AUSTRALIAN COMFORTS FUND. These boys in the fighting forces need Books, Magazines and illustrated papers. Send all you can to your local Australian Comforts Fund Branch.

PD32

FAMILY DINNERS

Featuring:

Meat-extender recipes.
Budget-minded dishes.
Warm weather sweets.
Keep-fit salads.

By **OLWEN FRANCIS**

Food and Cookery Expert to
The Australian Women's Weekly

IS menu planning your worst domestic dilemma? Keep your chin up and your family's chin up, too. Add the menus on this page to your kitchen repertoire.

One pound of meat can do the work of two if judiciously stretched with seasonings, dumplings, and cereals.

Good clarified dripping with lemon juice has quickly usurped the place of butter in pastries and cakes, and who notices the difference?

Practice makes budget-juggling a matter of pride. Cutting out the non-essentials will make room for the necessary quota of milk, eggs, and vegetables.

Make the family salad-conscious by planning appetising and attractive platters. The salad habit is necessary for good health routine.

Brush up your cookery methods, and vary service from day to day. Well-cooked foods are tender, nutritious, and appetising.

Save fuel and labor by using the oven to its fullest extent each time it is heated.

MENU 1

Tomato-Topped Potato-burgers
Cabbage and Carrot Slaw
Lettuce and Radish Salad
Rhubarb Layer Cake

MENU 2

Chilled Tomato Juice
Sausages in Barbecue Sauce
Creamed Potato, Minted Carrots
Honey Ice-Cream
with Apricot Sauce

MENU 3

Lamb Stew with Tomato Dumplings
Beans, Potatoes, Onions
Creamed Gooseberry Fluff
Lemon Cookies

MENU 4

Clear Tomato Broth
Savory Chops with Kidney Sauce
Browned Potato Slices, Peas
Coffee Cream with Minted Fruit
Sauce

MENU 5

Pineapple and Cheese Salad
Yankee Meat Loaf, Sharp Sauce
Creamed Turnip, Whole Parsley
Potatoes
Rhubarb and Passionfruit Fool

MENU 6

Tomato and Potato Soup
Hearty Salad Bowl
Raisin Scones, Honey

MENU 7

Orange and Apple Juice Cocktail
Casserole of Seasoned Liver
Scalloped Potatoes, Creamed Celery
Fruit Salad Cup Cakes

POTATO-BURGERS

(Add this to your meat-stretching recipe file)

One pound minced raw steak, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon dripping, pepper and salt, 2 or 3 tomatoes, 1 cup creamed potatoes, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 egg, dripping for frying.

Combine potatoes, flour, and



beaten egg. Turn on to a floured board. Roll to 1-inch thickness and cut into rounds. Fry, turning to brown. Keep hot while cooking meat. Sauté the onion in the fat. Add to meat. Shape into small rounds. Season well and coat with flour. Cook slowly in very small quantity of fat, turning to cook both sides. Fry tomato slices. Place meat on potato scones and top with tomato slices. Serve hot and freshly cooked.

RHUBARB LAYER CAKE

(Serve hot or cold)

Two ounces good clarified dripping, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 6oz. self-raising flour, pinch nutmeg, 1 cup milk, 1½ cups stewed and sweetened rhubarb (well drained).

Cream the fat and sugar, with lemon juice and rind. Gradually beat in the whipped eggs, and then the sifted flour and nutmeg, alternately with the milk. Pour half the mixture into a greased 8-inch or 9-inch tin. Cover with rhubarb and then add the remaining mixture. Cook in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for about 50 minutes.

FRUIT SALAD CUP CAKES

(Make these for a special week-end menu)

Two ounces good clarified dripping, 2oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, 1-3rd cup milk, 4oz. self-raising flour. One cup shredded pineapple and sliced banana, sugar.

Cream fat, sugar, lemon juice and rind. Beat in the egg, and then add the sifted flour alternately with the milk.

Drop spoonfuls into deep, greased patty tins and cook in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 20 minutes. Scoop out centres neatly, reserving for another sweet. Pile centres with shredded pineapple and banana. Garnish tops with cherry or mint. Serve hot or cold.

THIS MENU is a budget triumph, and will raise a cheer from the family, too... tomato-topped potato-burgers, with hot cabbage and carrot slaw, crisp, cold salad, followed by freshly made rhubarb layer cake.

SAVORY CHOPS IN KIDNEY SAUCE

(Kidneys can give personality to a plain meat dish)

One and a quarter pounds chump or best end of neck chops, 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 tablespoon flour, 1½ cups hot water, pepper and salt, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 2 kidneys, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley.

Lightly brown meat in the dripping. Remove and add flour and brown. Stir in hot water, add onion, vinegar, chopped kidneys, and meat. Simmer gently for 1½ hours. Season to taste. Serve piping hot, topped with chopped parsley.

CREAMED GOOSEBERRY FLUFF

(Good for the children. Serve very cold)

Two cups stewed gooseberries, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 1 cup sweet white sauce or custard.

Dissolve gelatine by heating with the gooseberry juice. Add to remainder of gooseberries and chill. Whisk well with a rotary beater. Add sauce and whisk until thick and creamy. Pile into service dishes and serve with finger biscuits.

COFFEE CREAM

(Serve with sliced fresh fruit, tossed lightly in honey and freshly chopped mint)

One pint strong milk coffee, 1 or 2 eggs, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 2 tablespoons boiling water.

Beat eggs and stir into coffee, and cook over boiling water until mixture just coats the spoon. Dissolve gelatine in 2 tablespoons of water, and add to coffee mixture. Pour into a wetted mould, and chill until lightly set. Turn out, and serve with fruit.

SAUSAGES IN BARBECUE SAUCE

(It's the sauce that does it—use oven or hot plate)

Eight sausages, 1 medium-sized onion, 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 2 tablespoons chutney, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 dessertspoon chopped celery leaves, 1 cup chopped celery, 1 teaspoon mustard, 1½ cups water, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper.

Brown sausages lightly. Remove from fat. Lightly fry onion, add flour and brown. Add remaining ingredients and sausages. Cook in a casserole in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for about 25 minutes, or in a heavy-lidded saucepan for the same time.

LAMB STEW WITH TOMATO DUMPLINGS

(The colorful stew-stretching dumplings give glamor to this old-timer)

One and a half pounds lamb breast, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/8th teaspoon pepper, 1 dessertspoon dripping, flour, 4 small onions, 4 stalks celery, 1½ fresh runner beans, hot water.

For Dumplings: 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon melted butter or dripping, about 1 cup tomato juice or sieved tomato, chopped parsley.

Cut the lamb into two-inch pieces, removing bones. Season with salt and pepper and coat with flour. Fry until golden brown. Pour off any surplus fat. Barely cover with hot water and simmer for one hour. Add onions, celery, and beans, and cook until tender. Make a thick batter of the tomato dumpling ingredients. Drop by tablespoonfuls on top of the hot stew. Cover tightly and cook about 12 minutes.

HONEY ICE-CREAM

(Try a flavoring of grated orange rind)

One rennet tablet, 1 tablespoon cold water, 2 cups milk, 2 egg-yolks, 1 cup honey, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Dissolve the rennet tablet in water. Warm milk and honey to blood heat. Beat in the egg-yolks and add the dissolved rennet tablet, stirring only for a second or two. Pour into the refrigerator tray and let stand until just setting. Place in refrigerator and chill until firm. Remove from tray into a bowl, break up with a fork, and beat with a rotary beater until free from hard lumps. Return to refrigerator and finish freezing.

RHUBARB AND PASSIONFRUIT FOOL

(An old-fashioned sweet worth reviving)

One and half cups stewed rhubarb (drained fairly dry), 1 cup passionfruit pulp, 1 cup thick curd, sugar to taste, cochineal tint.

Combine rhubarb and passionfruit. Whisk in custard, beating until thick and creamy. Sweeten to taste and color with cochineal if necessary. Chill. Pile into individual serving dishes and garnish with crisp mint sprigs.

HEARTY SALAD BOWL

(Serve with wheatmeal bread cheese sandwiches)

Two cups diced potato, 1 cup diced bologna sausage, 1 thinly sliced onion, 3 hard-boiled eggs, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 3 cups finely shredded lettuce, 1 cup salad dressing, few lettuce-heart leaves.

Combine potato, sausage, chopped hard-boiled eggs, and parsley. Line a salad bowl with finely shredded lettuce, tossed, if liked, in a clear dressing or in vinegar. Pile potato mixture on top. Cover with onion rings sliced to wafer thickness. Top with dressing and garnish with crisp, small lettuce leaves.

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PROMISE ME YOU'LL WEAR THAT FROCK OFTEN. IT MAKES A LOVELY PERSON LOOK EVEN LOVELIER



Recipes in season win prizes

● The readers who scooped the pool this week in our popular recipe contest are to be congratulated. Their winning recipes will go into every file and be tried out in every home.

THE winning Christmas bun is a version of the old favorite, the Scotch bun.

Like the mincemeat tart, it is a Christmas-New Year tradition in many households. As service portions are tiny it is an inexpensive recipe, and a tradition worth preserving even in these days.

It's time, of course, to be looking up Christmas cake recipes. The conserve cake is an inexpensive fruit cake that might take the place of the usual rich cake. Make it a few days only before cutting.

You will be interested in the super-economy plum pudding. It can be steamed instead of boiled, and suet instead of dripping gives it a closer texture. The color is good, but a little burnt sugar caramel gives a good color and flavor to these inexpensive cakes and puddings.

CHRISTMAS BUN CAKE

For the Pastry: 1lb. flour, pinch of salt, 5oz. margarine, 1 egg, water.

For the Filling: 5oz. flour, 3oz. sugar, 1oz. shelled walnuts, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 2 teaspoons ground cinnamon, 1 teaspoon ground nutmeg, 1 teaspoon ground cloves, 1



CREAMY SMOOTHNESS mingles with the sharp tang of plum jam in this chilled custard shape. It is made from layers of bread and jam, covered with milk and beaten egg, and steamed one hour.

orange (rind and juice), 1lb. currants, 1lb. figs, 1lb. stoned raisins, 1lb. mixed peel, 1 egg, milk, a little rum.

To make the filling, wash, pick over, and dry fruits, cut up figs finely after removing stalks, shred peel, and cut raisins into small pieces. Sift flour with spices and soda. Add sugar, chopped walnuts, grated orange rind, and prepared fruits. Mix them all together well, then stir in the beaten egg and moisten with orange juice, a spoonful of rum, and some milk, as required. You will need almost a gill of liquid in addition to egg. If liked, the rum may be omitted.

To Make Pastry: Sift flour with a pinch of salt and rub in margarine. Beat up egg and stir it in with one or, perhaps, two dessertspoons water, and mix to a stiff paste. Roll out, and line a buttered cake tin as evenly as possible with it, keeping enough pastry to cover top. Fill tin with the prepared fruit mixture, heaping it a little to the sides, then roll out the remainder of the pastry to a round, cover cake, damping edges of the pastry to make it adhere

securely. Prick top with a skewer, making a few pricks through to base of cake. Brush top crust with beaten yolk of egg mixed with a spoonful of milk, and bake in a very moderate oven about two hours. When cold, wrap in greaseproof paper and store it in an airtight tin for a week or two.

First Prize of £1 to M. Cunningham, 167 Fernberg Rd., Rosalie, Brisbane.

RHUBARB PUFF BALLS

Half-pound rhubarb, 2oz. castor sugar, 5oz. flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 cup milk, 1 egg, pinch salt.

Wash and cut rhubarb into small pieces, make a batter with flour, salt, baking powder, egg, and milk. Grease six teacups or small basins, pour in one tablespoon batter, half fill with rhubarb, sprinkle with sugar, and cover with more batter. Steam for one hour. When turned out they should be light, fluffy, pink balls. Serve with custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. S. Wiseman, 2 Richmond Road, Hemeesh West, N.S.W.

PLUM PUDDING WITHOUT EGGS, BUTTER OR MILK

Two cups plain flour, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup raisins or sultanas, 1 cup currants, 1 teaspoon baking soda, 2 tablespoons dripping, 1½ cups boiling water, essence of lemon or vanilla.

Mix all dry ingredients in a basin. Melt dripping in boiling water, add soda to water after dripping is melted, and add to dry ingredients. Mix well and tie in a pudding-cloth and boil for 4 hours. Serve with custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. T. Winkley, 28 King Street, Enfield, N.S.W.

CONSERVE CAKE

Take 1½ cups plain flour, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 1lb. good dripping, a squeeze lemon juice, a little milk, 1 cup jam, 1 cup mixed fruit, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon each bicarbonate soda and ground cinnamon.

Cream dripping and sugar, squeeze lemon over. Add eggs, beat well, then add dark jam (plum is good). Stir in milk and sifted flour, soda, and spices, alternately. Cook in a hot electric oven (475 deg. F.) for 45 minutes. Finish with power off for



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SHIMMERING GREEN JELLY surrounded by sugared plums is enticing food on a hot day. Color the plum juice and set with gelatine. Roll drained, stewed plums in sugar.

1 hour (1 hour in all), or for 1 hour in a moderate gas oven (350 deg. F.). Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Bell, 290 Hanson St., Adelaide.

DELICIOUS PLUM AND PASSION-FRUIT CONSERVE

Four pounds yellow plums, 12 passionfruit, 4lb. sugar, water if necessary.

Stone plums and put into a preserving pan with 2lb. sugar. Stand overnight. Boil 1½ hours, add pulp of passionfruit and the remainder of sugar to the boiling fruit. Boil all together rapidly for about 1 to 1½ hour, or until it jells when tested. Bottle while hot, and seal down when cold.

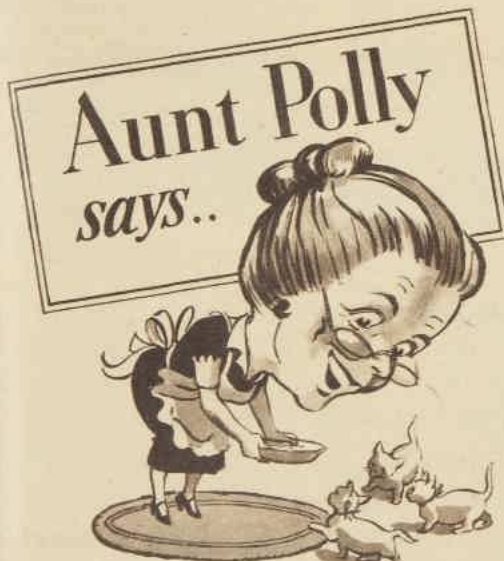
Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. O. Thomson, Rosemead, Moonta, S.A.

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I sometimes wonder if the folks who don't smile when they say something funny are just takin' precautions in case it ain't so funny after all.

I don't know why a woman expects another woman to keep a secret when she can't do it herself.

Folks ask me my secret in getting clothes so dazlin' clean. There's no secret to it, I tell 'em—just Rinso. You should just see the time it saves. And the silks and woolies that sweet and lovely you'd think they were fresh out of the store.

Rinso's richer, thicker suds make the whole wash sparkle



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People demand instant relief from pain. 'Aspro' gives it to them. It acts at once—it stops pain—relieves headaches—helps to banish acute rheumatic attacks—brings sweet sleep to the sleepless, and is a definite protection against the many ills that may attack any member of the family at the most unexpected moments.

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- 14 It relieves Dengue and Malaria by reducing the fever.
- 15 As a gargle 'ASPRO' is wonderful for Sore Throats and Tonsillitis.

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FASHION THROUGH THE AGES

FIRST GEORGIAN PERIOD . . By 1720, Restoration foppishness had given place to the dignity of the first Georgian period. The people's dress reflected their growing power as a maritime nation, for the fashionable fabrics were silks and cotton from the East, and brocades from the silk looms of Lyons. The importation of these luxuries caused severe heartburning among native weavers, but the dyers welcomed the greater opportunities to display their ingenuity and skill. What was achieved deserves our ungrudging admiration, but the task would have been infinitely simpler if modern I.C.I. synthetic dyestuffs and auxiliaries had been available.

Colour is the first note sounded in the fashion of any age. It is the keynote of description of any costume: purple toga . . green jerkin . . russet coat . . red silken hose . . rose taffetas petticoats.

Never before has there been so much colour in every-

day life as there is today. Never before has the dyer been able to draw on such multiplicity of colouring matter . . literally thousands of chemicals to produce any shade on any material . . colours of beauty and fastness undreamed of by the most cunning craftsman of other days.

Today a great British industry, one of vital importance to the conduct of modern chemical warfare, is pouring out an endless stream of dyes and chemicals in the allied cause. If civilians cannot always obtain the goods they need in the exact shade they would like, it is not because the best dyestuffs are unavailable . . it is because the extra time and labour cannot be spared to dye smaller lots in a wider variety of colours. Tomorrow we shall again be able to command perfect matchings, subtle harmonies or vivid contrasts of colour . . today the careful buyer can still rely on the combination of beauty and durability in goods of known quality - materials which the makers guarantee as "Fadeless," being dyed with best British dyestuffs.

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